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(A relative injury claim frequency of 100 is average)

Make	Body	Size	Relative Frequency
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Oldsmobile Toronado	Spec	I	58
Hack Cadillac	S W	I	62
Oldsmobile 98	S W	I	65
Oldsmobile Cutlass	S W	C	65
Oldsmobile Omega	4 Dr	SC	66
Chevrolet Caprice	S W	I	87
Pontiac Bonneville	S W	I	87
Oldsmobile Delta 88	4 Dr	I	89
Pontiac Catalina	4 Dr	I	89
Pontiac LeSabre	4 Dr	I	73
Mercury Marauder	4 Dr	I	74
Buick Century	S W	C	76
Chevrolet Malibu	S W	C	78
Mercury Zephyr	S W	SC	80
Buick Century	4 Dr	C	83
Chevrolet Citation	S W	SC	83
Dodge Aries	4 Dr	I	84
Mercury Vulture	S W	I	87

**1978-80 Models with the Worst
insurance injury claim experience**

(LA relative query claim frequency of 100 as average)

Make	Body	Size	Relative Frequency
Dodge Challenger ¹	2 Dr	S	167
Fiat Brava	2 Dr	S	156
Toyota Corolla Terrot ²	2 Dr	S	153
Datsun 300ZX ³	2 Dr	SS	149
Plymouth Summit ⁴	2 Dr	S	147
Plymouth Arrow ⁵	2 Dr	SS	146
Dodge Omni	2 Dr	S	142
Honda Prelude ¹	2 Dr	SS	140
Mercedes GLC ⁶	2 Dr	SS	131
Honda Civic ⁷	2 Dr	SS	128
Datsun 210 ⁸	**	SS	125
Plymouth Champ ⁹	2 Dr	SS	134
Mercedes 300 ¹⁰	5 Sport	SS	132
Mercury Bobcat	2 Dr	SS	131
Toyota Corolla ¹	2 Dr	SS	131
Ford Mustang	2 Dr	S	128
Honda Civic	S W	SS	119

*Japanese made

Source: Mathews East Asia Institute. Cite Notes: I = Indochina; C = China; NC = North America; S = Subcontinent; SE = Southeast Asia; B = British India; SE = Eastern Europe; T = Turkey; H = Hawaii; P = Pacific Islands.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Although Associate Editor Bill Colson considers himself "an ex-tennis player," he still plays with the likes of former U.S. Davis Cupper Ham Richardson three or four times a week. He has a Ph.D. in English from Indiana University. He starred in three sports at Coral Gables (Fla.) High School; he was captain of the Princeton tennis team for two years; according to Associate Writer Steve Wulf, he "looks like a Ken doll"; and, good gosh, he doesn't even

torate. He wrote his dissertation on *The Dream Songs* of poet John Berryman, not exactly the sort of undertaking one might think would lead to his being employed by *Family Weekly*, a national Sunday newspaper supplement. Yet in 1976 that's exactly where Colson landed, in what he calls "an ideal first job. I got to do just about everything, from writing and editing to going out on ad sales calls."

When Colson joined *SI* as a reporter in June 1978, his first beat was, quite naturally, tennis. When he was promoted to associate editor a year ago, he began handling our coverage of tennis, hockey and the media.

Now, the 31-year-old Colson is at his desk through Sunday nights and into Monday mornings, closing late-breaking and other stories. This week, in addition to the profile on Islanders Goalie Billy Smith (page 70), he edited the WCT-Grand



THE COLSONS: THEY HAVE TO GO ON MEETING LIKE THIS

eur sugar. Withal, Colson remains remarkably down to earth.

Which is saying something, because Colson, as you have undoubtedly gathered, has had plenty of chances to develop a swelled head. For example, he won the national 18-and-under clay court title in 1968, the same year he was named the outstanding high school scholar-athlete in Florida. Along the way, he beat such future touring pros as Vitas Gerulaitis, Gene Mayer, Roscoe Tanner and Brian Gottfried. But when the 100 or so college scholarship offers came in—football and basketball were his other sports—he passed up hard-core jockdom for the Ivy League.

Good things kept coming Colson's way. On the Friday of the last football weekend of his junior year he met Nancy Meyers on a blind date. Two years later, in 1972, they were married. Nancy forwent Mount Holyoke to take her junior and senior years and an M.B.A. at Indiana while Bill worked on his doc-

Prix story (page 26), the Chip Hooper article (page 61) and the TV/Radio column (page 64). Asked how he felt at lunch on Monday, Colson said, "The way I did when I was cramming for my qualifying exams in graduate school."

He and Nancy, a product manager at Chesebrough-Pond's, are now living in Greenwich, Conn., where Nancy works, and because their weekends don't coincide, they have a standing date for lunch on Tuesdays and Wednesdays at a small restaurant called Dorothy's Place. "It's ironic," Colson says. "While I was working for *Family Weekly* I decided to teach a literature course at Mercy College in Westchester, and Nancy said, 'How can you work on Saturday mornings? It will ruin our weekends!'"

Philip D. Harkness



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Footloose

by ARNOLD SCHECHTER

FLEXING FAIRWAYS AND ROVING MOOSE ARE SOME OF THE HAZARDS AT THE NORTHERNMOST OF U.S. GOLF COURSES

Even under ideal conditions, golf is a demanding game. So imagine what it's like to play on a course where the fairways move, the greens resemble sand traps and the hazards have claws or antlers.

Welcome to the northernmost golf course in the U.S.; Alaska's Fairbanks Golf and Country Club, a mere 165-mile chip shot from the Arctic Circle. At first glance the Fairbanks course seems positively tame—a flat, nine-hole, 3,000-yard layout lined with spruce and cottonwood trees and uninterrupted by bunkers or water. But under the shallow topsoil lurks a thick layer of permafrost, a frozen subsoil that softens or hardens with changes in temperature, causing the topsoil to heave, ripple and gape.

This terra firma creates the most treacherous fairways imaginable. A player can hit a shot down the middle, only to see his ball bounce 90 degrees off line, straight for the rough. Or a fairway section may suddenly collapse; just such a mishap once dropped the club tractor and its startled driver into a hole 12 feet deep and 20 feet long.

The permafrost also makes it difficult to cultivate grass for the greens. So the greens here, as in other grass-poor areas of the world, consist of sand mixed with motor oil. Highly lofted balls end up buried in this gritty compound, which requires players to rake a flat path to the hole before every putt. According to club manager Eddie Dean, the course could have real greens if the club were willing to put in a very expensive irrigation system. But no one has pushed for it.

Then there are the roving hazards—the massive wild animals that roam the area freely and show golfers no respect. One Chicago visitor watched in dismay as a bear became entangled with his golf bag and dragged it off into the forest, bouncing it off trees like a drunken caddy as it went. And Dean will never forget making a blind shot that conked a mother moose. The injured party chased Dean to a nearby radio station and trampled his abandoned set of clubs before returning to her calf.

But despite the wildlife, most of which remains aloof, and the uncertainties of playing on top of permafrost, an outing on this course is normally a delight. During the season, which runs from May through September, temperatures are usually in the 60s or above, rain is infrequent and the peaceful forest bordering the club is a bright, vibrant green.

A visitor can rent clubs and a pull cart for \$4.25 a day and squeeze in as many holes as he likes for \$5.50. These fees are even more of a bargain than they may seem, because a Fairbanks summer day can have almost 22 hours of light. And no matter what your score is, whether you break the nine-hole course record of 28 or challenge the worst-round record of 115, set by a tipsy barmaid who had consumed her own concoctions, the club will award you its Greens' Badge of Courage, a certificate testifying that you survived a round on the northernmost golf course in the U.S.

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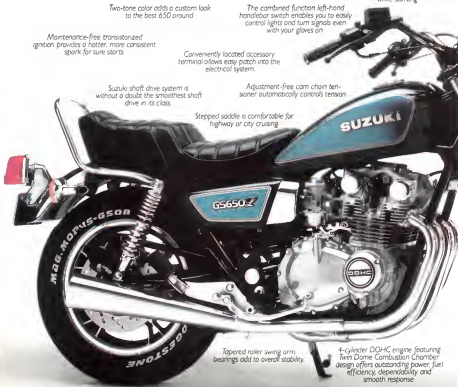
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SMITH'S LEAGUE

E M Swift's story on New York Islander Goutlander Billy Smith (page 70) makes it clear that Smith owes his success both to his talent for stopping the puck and his ability to take care of himself in a league encumbered by an every-man-for-himself ethos. In reading about Smith's use of butt-ending tactics, his participation in stick-swinging duels and the repeated instances of flagrant interference and slashing by rival skaters, one yearns for any inkling that there are referees on the ice or executives at NHL headquarters who will ensure that such transgressions are punished. Under such near-anarchic circumstances, Smith is able to refer to hockey as "a game of intimidation" without having to distinguish between legitimate intimidation—e.g., hard, clean body checking—and intimidation that is tantamount to mayhem. If Smith and others don't always play by the rules, the blame falls in no small part on NHL higher-ups who, to their shame, persist in refusing to enforce them.

SATISFIED

There was something jarring last week about the news that New York City, which has suffered more than its share of financial reversals in recent years (and which is currently trying to reduce a \$729 million deficit on its preliminary 1983 budget), had decided to grant, for a 10-year period, full relief from real estate taxes to Madison Square Garden, which is owned by financially untroubled (1981 profits: \$290.9 million) Gulf & Western Industries Inc. What was all the more jolting about the city's concessions, which were part of a \$7.55-million-a-year CARE package to the Garden that also included breaks on rent, labor costs and electricity bills, was the fact that they were predicated on the highly dubious assumption that the Garden is in dire economic straits. That misconception had been fostered by Gulf & Western, which threatened to move the New York Rangers and Knicks, both of which it also owns, to New Jersey's Meadowlands sports complex and Long Island's Nassau Coliseum, respectively. Only upon win-

ning last week's concessions did Gulf & Western promise to leave those teams in the Garden.

Gulf & Western claimed that because of high labor costs and taxes the Garden had suffered an operating loss of \$9.5 million in 1981. But after refusing to discuss that claim in detail while negotiations with the city and unions were in progress, it finally confirmed suspicions that its figure didn't take into account the profit-and-loss situation of the Rangers and the Knicks or the Garden's highly lucrative cable TV operation (SI, Feb. 22). Counting revenues from those sources, the Garden was certainly in far better shape than Gulf & Western intimated.

As for its role in the rescue charade, New York City simply wasn't about to risk losing the Rangers and Knicks. Still nursing the psychological wounds caused by the departure of the Dodgers and the baseball and football Giants, the city felt it had to take seriously Gulf & Western's threat to pack up its teams. To justify concessions to the Garden that will cost the city \$6.4 million per annum in lost real-estate tax revenues, Mayor Ed Koch argued that loss of the teams would have cost the city \$10 million in taxes on tickets, parking fees and the like. Asked if he was satisfied that the Garden had really been losing money, Koch said, "I am satisfied of the following: Had this deal not come together, the Rangers would be in the Meadowlands, and we would be the poorer spiritually and economically." He never did answer the question.

CANADIAN BONE DISEASE

A column we recently came across by the late John Kieran of *The New York Times* dated Jan. 9, 1930 reminds us that there was actually an innocent time when most professional sports leagues managed to limp along without elaborate postseason playoffs. One exception was the NHL, which then had a format whereby six of its 10 teams made it into the Stanley Cup playoffs. Kieran wrote:

"This system of arranging for a postseason play-off is still strange to the fans of the area. It isn't the baseball way. There the regular season eliminates all

but two teams, and these teams meet for the world championship. It seems a waste of time to play through a whole season just to eliminate four teams from a field of ten. . . . However, it's a Canadian game and, probably, they know more about how it should be run than volunteer critics in this area. The popularity of the game over the border is never in any danger. It's bred in the bone. But it isn't bred in the bone of the fans in this country, and, with six of the ten teams located in and near this side of the border, it might be profitable to make a change in the system to keep up the interest of the fans through the run of the regular season."

The extent to which Kieran's counsel went unheeded is only too evident to readers of today's sports pages. The NHL now has 21 teams, 16 of which were in action when Stanley Cup playoffs got un-



derway last month; as if to demonstrate how little the regular season meant, three of the four division winners, Edmonton, Montreal and Minnesota, were promptly eliminated in the first round.

The playoff bug, of course, has come to infect other sports. In the NBA, 12 of 23 teams were in the running when playoffs began last week. Similarly, 10 of the NFL's 28 teams qualify for playoffs. As for "baseball's way," that has changed, too. At the conclusion of last year's strike-shattered split season, eight of the 26 major league teams went into playoffs.

continued

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SCORECARD continued

Also, 80 of the 273 Division I college basketball teams competed in either the NCAA or NIT tournaments. That makes 126 teams right there afflicted by Canadian bone disease. We'd call that an epidemic of major proportions.

REPARATION

For coaches and players disaffected with or passed over by the NFL, the Canadian Football League has been a safe port in a storm. No CFL team has provided a more inviting haven than the free-spending Montreal Alouettes. But that team's most recent proprietor, Nelson Skalbania, has fallen on hard times. The result is a thoroughly muddled ownership situation that has prompted the CFL to institute proceedings to revoke the Montreal club's franchise. It has also caused two of the Al's most prominent American refugees, George Allen and Vince Ferragamo, to cast wistful eyes southward and a third, Tom Cousineau, to pack for home.

Allen, the former NFL coach who had moved into the Alouettes' front office with the intention of buying the club (\$1.5 million, March 15), resigned as the team's president last week out of frustration over Skalbania's failure to clear up the club's considerable debts. But Allen left the door open for a possible return to Montreal, his resignation, he said, was meant to pressure Skalbania into finally getting the Alouettes out of hock. Ferragamo, the former Ram quarterback who was a costly bust with Montreal, was seeking a settlement covering the remaining three years of his contract with the Al's that would allow him to return to the NFL. There were rumors that the Rams, who still own his NFL rights, might then trade him to the Oilers or the Bears.

Cousineau's case was somewhat different. An All-America linebacker from Ohio State, he signed a three-year contract with the Alouettes in 1979 after spurning the Buffalo Bills, which had made him the top pick in that year's NFL draft. In returning now to the NFL, Cousineau benefited from a provision in the NFL's collective bargaining agreement that allows anybody who plays pro football outside the NFL for two or more years to return as a free agent, subject only to the exercise of an NBA-style right of first refusal by the team holding his rights. A club signing such a player wouldn't have to pay the usual compensa-

continued

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sation to the team holding his rights, a requirement that has severely restricted free-agent movement in the NFL.

Cousineau's arrival on the open market provided a rare test of the National Football League Players Association's contention that, because of full stadiums and shared TV revenues, NFL owners lack the incentives of their counterparts in baseball and the NBA to pay top dollar for free agents. It's this belief that has prompted the NFLPA, now engaged in contract talks with the NFL, to push for a percentage-of-gross-revenues pool instead of unfettered free agency for its members. But the notion that owners wouldn't bid for free agents was undermined by the case of cornerback Eric Harris, who was drafted by Kansas City in 1977 but instead played three seasons in the CFL. Harris was able to come into the NFL in 1980 as a free agent subject only to right of first refusal. He negotiated with several NFL teams and accepted an offer from the Saints that was matched by the Chiefs. The deal was reportedly for \$1.04 million over four years, uncommonly lavish terms for a cornerback.

The repatriated Cousineau wound up with quite a deal, too. He shopped himself around the NFL before settling on the Oilers' reported offer of \$3.5 million over five years. Last week the Bills matched Houston's figure, then traded Cousineau to Cleveland, his hometown, where he became the highest-paid player in Browns, and possibly NFL, history.

NFLPA Executive Director Ed Garvey argues that only three teams "seriously" bid for Harris and questions whether Harris' deal with the Chiefs was as favorable as reported. Garvey also claims that only three teams showed real interest in Cousineau. "If that was a test of free agency, it failed," he says. "Twenty-five teams didn't even bid." But not all teams actively pursue free agents in baseball or the NBA, either; it takes only two teams to create a bidding war. To be sure, Harris and Cousineau undoubtedly benefited from the fact that they have constituted practically the entire supply of free agents in recent years, under a regular free-agent system, their asking prices might have been deflated by the availability of other stars. Nevertheless, the contracts lavished on them suggest that if NFL free agents were truly free, the league's supposedly complacent owners would pay generously for their services.

OPHTHOMETRIST'S DELIGHT

If you happen to catch a San Diego Padre game on the radio this season and hear the announcer refer to that team's rookie reserve catcher, Doug (Eyechart) Gosh, you may wonder how Gosh got his strange nickname. It helps to know that Gosh is merely how his surname is pronounced. It's spelled Gwosz.

LAST OF ITS KIND?

To raise the hackles of some participants in this year's Boston Marathon, all one had to do was mention the name of Marshall Medoff. Last year the Boston Athletic Association, which stages the marathon, hired Medoff, a lawyer, as its agent to solicit commercial sponsorship, which could change the very nature of the venerable event. By tradition the Boston Marathon has been held on Patriots' Day, a Monday, has started in the suburb of Hopkinton and, for the last 17 years, has ended at the Prudential Center, home of the insurance company that has partly underwritten the race during that span. Those are traditions that Medoff seems willing to change to attract television and other benefactors. Thanks to his efforts, there were some new corporate sponsors for this year's race. Come next year the marathon probably will have even more sponsors, will be held on a Sunday and, assuming the overlords of amateur sport give it and other marathons the go-ahead, will offer prize money to runners. The race may also be run on an altered course, if only because Prudential, unhappy about the many changes, says it's withdrawing its support and use of its building as a terminus.

The foreknowledge that the '82 marathon would possibly be the last of its kind served to make this year's race seem even more special than usual. Boston is a city that turns out in droves to cheer 2:10 and 4:10 marathoners alike, and the crowds at the April 19 race were larger and more congenial than ever. There were cheers for winner (in a course-record 2:08:51) Alberto Salazar and runner-up Dick Beardsley, who finished two seconds behind him, and for the women's winner, Charlotte Teske of West Germany (2:29:33). There were also outpourings of affection for hometown favorite and four-time Boston winner Bill Rodgers, who placed fourth, and for 74-year-old John Kelly, who was competing in his 51st marathon and finished in 4:01:18.

Just to prove beyond any doubt that this race was blessed, the weather was glorious. And oh, yes, in Fenway Park, just a block off the course, the pain of a 5-4 Red Sox loss to Toronto was partially eased by the fact that Yaz went 3 for 4.

Some Boston insiders complained that Medoff had been hired without being properly screened—an allegation denied by BAA President Will Cloney—and that he had received an exorbitant piece of the action. *The Boston Globe* reports that he could make as much as \$1 million from next year's proceeds. But there was also general acknowledgment that some commercialization was inevitable. As Medoff, who declines to discuss details of his deal with the BAA, puts it, "It's time for this race to enter the 20th century." Indeed, the Simon-pure amateurism exemplified by the Boston race is an anachronism, and the leading participants are mostly full-time runners who deserve to be openly compensated. A financial transfusion might also allow the marathon to undergo a needed organizational overhaul. The BAA still gets by without either an office or full-time staff, and its volunteer organizers sometimes seem overwhelmed. It may have been symptomatic that crowd control at this year's race was practically nonexistent. Fans were allowed to press too close to the runners, some of whom also were haphazardly checked by motorcycles and all but asphyxiated by exhaust from vehicles.

At the same time, pains should be taken to preserve those ingredients of the Boston race that distinguish it from upstart marathons in, say, New York and London. Trouble is, everybody has a different idea as to which features—the Patriots' Day spot on the calendar, the Hopkinton start, etc.—should be considered immutable. As they set about to alter the chemistry of their very special event, it is obviously imperative that Boston's organizers proceed with the utmost care.

THEY SAID IT

- Buck Williams, New Jersey Nets forward, explaining why he averaged barely one assist a game this season: "I knew those guys were out there. I just didn't know where."
- John Kerr, Chicago Bulls TV commentator and former NBA player and coach, on how he'd guard Kareem Abdul-Jabbar: "I'd get real close to him and breathe on his goggles."



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Seattle's Sunday Punch

Jack Sikma won his battle with Moses Malone and Seattle beat Houston to advance in the playoffs

by **BRUCE NEWMAN**

The hard, black surface of the mountain confronted Jack Sikma. Every time he turned around last week, Sikma found himself in the shadow of Mount Moses (eleven feet tall). Sikma plays center for the Seattle SuperSonics, Moses Malone, the NBA's leading rebounder and second-leading scorer, plays center for the Houston Rockets. If Seattle was to win their best-of-three miniseries, Sikma would have to move the mountain.

Until last Sunday, however, what Sikma hadn't considered was that the mountain might have to come to him. "You fall into a rut worrying about stopping Moses," Sikma said after scoring 30 points and grabbing 17 rebounds on Sunday, "and until today that took me out of what I wanted to do. Finally I realized that I can do a few things, too, so let them play me." The Rockets were never able to do that—among other things—very effectively. So the Sonics routed them 104-83 and won the series 2-1 and a place in a Western Conference semifinal series against San Antonio.

continued

Shelton's shooting and Hanzlik's hooking left Reid reaching for air and Dunleavy holding the bag.





PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDY HAIT

Sunday's game was quite a turnaround from Game 2, in which the Rockets had trampled Seattle 91-70 in Houston. "Maybe we'd have been better off if we had just beaten them by two points on a last-second shot in that game," said white-haired Houston Coach Del Harris. "Those guys looked mad."

Seattle forced Houston to take bad shots throughout Game 3 by starting its defense out near center court, a tactic that Sonics Coach Lenny Wilkens had felt might bring Houston's big men a few feet farther from the basket. As soon as the Rockets began misfiring, Wilkens brought 7' 2", 275-pound James Donaldson off the bench to play alongside Sikma, who is 6' 11" and 250 pounds, and Forward Lonnie Shelton, who goes 6' 8", 250. That is Seattle's Winnebago Wall, certainly the biggest front line in the NBA, and one that Wilkens had already used effectively in the first two games of the series against the Rockets, who were last season's NBA finalists.

"With the big lineup," Donaldson said, "we lay a lot of muscle on people," which is what the Sonics laid on Houston, stretching a seven-point advantage at the start of the second quarter to 18 just before the half. Harris countered with a forward wall of Malone (6' 11", 235 pounds), Elvin Hayes (6' 9", 235) and Billy Paultz (6' 11", 240). There were so many Winnebagos camped under the boards that Seattle Center Coliseum looked like an R.V. park.

The Winnebago Wall is just the sort of chip Wilkens loves to play in big games. He is an astute tactician who often isn't given his due because he has never been completely comfortable with the media. "Lenny likes to make the wheels spin," a rival coach says admiringly of his bench savvy. Last week Wilkens spun the wheels on his Winnebago, ran the Rockets down from behind with a sleek little sports car named Gus Williams, then rolled past Houston on a street-car named desire.

Seattle had been itching to run against the Rockets all week, but on Sunday the Sonics so overwhelmed Houston on the boards—a commanding 52-36 edge in rebounds, beating the league's best offensive rebounding team at its own game 20-15—that the Sonics didn't have to fast-break. "They didn't run against us," said Houston Forward Robert Reid, who shot a wretched 2 for 9. "They just came down and hammered at us toe-to-toe." Malone had 24 points and 13 rebounds, but "he had a tough time getting the ball where

continued

he wanted it," Sikma said, "so he couldn't climb down our throats with it."

The Rockets hadn't shot well for the series (39.5%), and when they shot 30.9% in the first half Sunday, they were never able to recover.

If the first two games proved anything, it was that the Sonics were more dependent upon Williams' one-man fast breaks than they wanted to be. Seattle had built a 52-30 regular-season record—good for second behind the Los Angeles Lakers in the Pacific Division—on the rubble of teams that failed to protect their flanks against Williams, who was seventh in the league in steals with 2.15 a game. So rather than try to match muscle with Malone and Hayes underneath, the Sonics waited for the Rockets to trip themselves up. "Against a team like Houston the tendency is to want to go strength against strength," Seattle Assistant Coach Les Hager said. "We could try to counter their halfcourt game with our big lineup, but we think it's to our advantage to make them adjust to us. We'd like to pressure them and make them throw the ball away before they set up."

But in the first two games it was Seattle that had to do the adjusting. Houston had decisively controlled the tempo in six of the eight quarters leading up to Sunday's showdown and had held Williams to 8-for-29 shooting (he was 11 for 18 in the second half of Game 1). Seattle didn't score a single fast-break basket during the first half of Game 1 and mounted only a minimal running attack in the second game on Friday. "Fast breaks are not something that happen by design," Harris said as the Rockets flew back to Seattle on Saturday. "They're the result of an opponent making a mistake."

Houston has made the playoffs the past two seasons by playing something its detractors call Uglyball, and though the Rockets aren't always a lot of fun to watch, because of their plodding style, they do know how to protect the ball. Houston finished the regular season at 46-36, tied for second in the Midwest Division, and

committed the fourth-fewest turnovers in the league. Against Seattle it had only nine turnovers in the first game, 10 in the second and nine on Sunday. That the Rockets were also the league's top offensive rebounding team this season only made it doubly tough for Seattle to fast-break. "Every time they get an offensive rebound," Sikma said, "they take away a running opportunity."

Malone, of course, was largely responsible for Houston's edge on the boards in the first two games, although he seemed to be struggling at times. He had 15 rebounds in the first game and 23 in the second, and yet he frequently found himself shoved out of position by Donaldson and Shelton. "He's trying hard," Harris said Saturday, "but nothing's really working for him right now." The Sonics were trying to forget what Malone did to them on Feb. 11, when he savaged Seattle for 38 points and 32 rebounds, three more rebounds than the entire Sonics team got, in Houston's 117-100 victory.

"That's the scary thing about coming down to just one game," said Sikma. "Somebody like Moses can pull an awesome one on you."

Williams had done that in Game 1, recovering from a nightmarish first half (1 for 8 from the field, four points) to hit nine of his first 11 shots in the second half and finish with 27 points and 12 assists in the SuperSonics' 102-87 victory at Seattle. When the Sonics fell behind by nine points in the second quarter, it was 34-year-old John Johnson and 33-year-old Fred Brown who brought them back. Just a month earlier, Johnson had been put on waivers by the Sonics after apparently failing to recover completely from an Achilles injury that had sidelined him for most of the season. Johnson had created some bad feelings in Seattle when he slapped Wally Walker, his successor at small forward, during practice. In his sixth pro season, Walker had finally begun to flourish in Johnson's absence and had seven rebounds in the third



When Seattle fell behind in Game 1, oldies Brown (32) and Johnson got them back on the ball.



Williams had 65 points and 27 assists in the series and always drew a crowd of Rockets.

quarter of the first game to pump some life into Seattle's offense.

When no other team picked Johnson up, he said it was time "to leave Fantasy Island." But Johnson got a reprieve when Guard Phil Smith was injured in late March, and in Game 1 he was very much alive as he scored nine points and had seven assists when Seattle was in danger of being buried. Brown poured in 21 points coming off the bench.

Houston shot only 35.8% in Game 1—the Rockets' third-worst shooting performance of the year. The Rockets had let

slip away a game they might have won, and as they headed to Houston for Game 2, the Rockets seemed to be on the verge of collapsing under the weight of their own problems.

Houston had recovered from a 7-15 start this season by going 39-21 over the final four months. Nevertheless, Hayes, 36, who was acquired from the Bullets in the off-season, never saw eye-to-eye with the coach or his style. "Elvin may be the only guy in the world capable of turning Del Harris' hair dark," one Washington veteran said after the Big E was traded.

And sure enough, Hayes had popped off at Harris at least twice this season, most recently two weeks ago when he criticized the coach for "cutting the players down all the time."

"They've got the most turmoil of any team that wins I've ever seen," Spurs Coach Stan Albeck says. "But they've also got Moses, and that will cure a lot of problems."

In addition, Harris acknowledged that Calvin Murphy, whose playing time he cut, "hates me," but he was confident that oldtimers such as Hayes, Paulitz and even Murphy would show what he called their "royal blood" in a pinch. "You try to 'Gipper' these guys," Harris said, "and they just go, 'O.K., right, Coach, but first I gotta go to the bathroom.'"

At the Summit in Houston on Friday, it quickly became evident that the Rockets were either going to show their royal blood or shed some of Seattle's. Guard Allen Leavell had 10 points in the first quarter while hounding Williams defensively. Leavell not only bailed the Rockets out while Malone and Hayes managed only two hoops between them in the first period, but also made the Seattle defense play him honestly for the first time. That opened things up for Malone, and though Hayes continued to struggle—he was 6 for 22 for the series by halftime—the Rockets led 42-34 at the half.

Williams countered with the Winnebago lineup in the third quarter and cut the Rockets' lead to five points, but Malone (28 points) and Reid (21) both got hot in the second half. The Sonics' 70 points equaled the lowest playoff score since the introduction of the 24-second clock in 1954. "We took them out of their game," said Malone, "but they took themselves out of their game, too. Sunday is a different day."

Different from anything the Rockets could have imagined. It was as if a mountain fell on Houston, a blond, blue-eyed mountain. Call it Mount Jack. **END**



The Cardinals Are Off To A Flying Start

Newcomers Lonnie and Ozzie Smith paced St. Louis to 12 straight wins and the division lead

by JIM KAPLAN

How about this for real Americana? Couple of little guys named Smith. Unrelated but friends. Nicest people you'd ever hope to meet. Play on the same sandlot baseball team. Drift apart. Take separate routes to the majors. And—wouldn't you know it?—years later they're on the same team and turn it into the scourge of the division, with a winning streak that reached 12 games last Saturday.

Yes, it's a heartwarming story, as long as your rooting interest is the St. Louis Cardinals and your heroes are Center-

fielder Lonnie Smith, late of the Phillies, and Shortstop Ozzie Smith, a former Padre. After the streak ended on Sunday in an 8-4 loss to Philadelphia, the Cards still led the National League East by three games.

At week's end Lonnie Smith, 26, 5' 9", 170 pounds, led the league in steals (11) and runs (15) and ranked high in average (.324), runs batted in (13), homers (3), on-base percentage (.427) and hits (23). Ozzie Smith, 27, 5' 10", 150, was hitting .333, had stolen four bases and was fielding exceptionally well. Together, the

Smiths were galvanizing their teammates and demoralizing the opposition. Consider the events in Pittsburgh and Philadelphia last week.

On Wednesday night St. Louis was trailing Pittsburgh 1-0 in the fifth inning. Then the Pirates went to sleep—or did they? Ozzie Smith led off by reaching second on a pop fly that Leftfielder Mike Easler let drop near the line. Cardinal Pitcher Steve Mura bunted hard to First Baseman Jason Thompson, who instinctively threw to third. Trouble was, Ozzie's as intelligent a base runner as he is a

Hendrick was home free as St. Louis came back to beat Philly for its 12th in a row.

fielder. Realizing he probably would have been tagged out at third, he retreated to second. His circumspection was wise. Cardinal Second Baseman Tommy Herr promptly doubled home Mura and Ozzie, and reached third himself when Rightfielder Dave Parker played Wally-bell with the carom. Herr then scored on Keith Hernandez' sacrifice fly. The Cardinals eventually won 6-2, wrapping up the scoring when Lonnie Smith, running with the pitch, scored from second on a force play.

Afterward, the shell-shocked Thompson blamed poor Pirate hitting for the loss. Pittsburgh Manager Chuck Tanner knew better. "A team that runs well makes it tough on the defense," he said. "That's what happened tonight."

Cardinal Manager Whitey Herzog dearly loves the running game, but last year his players stole only 88 bases in 103 games. Inspired by the Smiths, the 1982

Cardinals stole 26 bases in the first 17 games; they may run more aggressively than any team in baseball. At Veterans Stadium Saturday afternoon, the Cards were losing 3-1 in the sixth when their running game took off. With two outs and Rightfielder George Hendrick on first, Leftfielder Dale Long hit a shot up the gap in left center. Hendrick, who is 6'3", 195 and doesn't look particularly fast, never stopped chugging and beat the throw home. "The key is how a player comes into third," says Third Base Coach Chuck Hiller, whose marching orders can be summed up in two words: Send 'em. "Too many guys slow down before they get there." Long took second on the throw and scored on a single by Third Baseman Ken Oberkfell, who in turn took second on a wild pitch. When Ozzie Smith singled to right, Oberkfell was thrown out at home. Well, two out of three ain't bad.

In the eighth the Cardinals were at it again. Long reached on an infield hit, David Green ran for him and stole second, and Oberkfell was intentionally passed.

Ozzie loaded the bases with a single. Pinch hitter Orlando Sanchez drove home what proved to be the winning run with a soft grounder that couldn't be turned into a double play. Lonnie added two insurance runs with another base hit, and St. Louis won 7-4.

After the game, the Cardinals were exuberant. "It's just like at K.C.—boogieing on the bases!" said Catcher Darrell Porter, who has played under Herzog four-plus years as a Royal and Cardinal. "That's the way to be an aggressive coach," Hernandez told Hiller. "If you hadn't sent George home, I'd have strangled you."

Obviously, the Smiths weren't winning games all by themselves. Hernandez was off to his best start (.355), and Hendrick had four homers and 13 RBIs. The speedy Green, an outfielder, is shuffled into the lineup like a sixth man in basketball. The bullpen, led by Bruce Sutter (six saves in his first nine appearances), is as sound as ever, and the rotation is vastly improved with the acquisition of San Diego's Mura (2-0) and the stellar work of Joaquin Andujar (2-1, 2.03 ERA).

Andujar was obtained last June in a trade with Houston. During his 5½ years with the Astros his behavior had been as erratic as his pitching. At various times he showered with his uniform on, poured milk on his head, fought with Cesar Cedeño, his best friend on the team, and hatted left or right depending on how he felt, not who was pitching. Since joining the Cardinals he has shown control both on and off the field. His overall record with St. Louis is 8-2, and this season he has overcome his occasional propensity for wildness by walking only two batters in 31 innings. "He's not showboating; he's got his head together," says Pitching Coach Hub Kittle, who has taught Andujar how to change speeds. Says a teammate, "Some people play well when they're yelled at, but Jack needs to be appreciated."

The Smiths, of course, are the final pieces in the jigsaw puzzle Herzog has been putting together since coming to the Cardinals during the 1980 season. He decided early on that speed and relief pitching would produce a winner at Busch

continued



Reunited in St. Louis, Lonnie and Ozzie were Connie Mack teammates in California.

Memorial Stadium, notable for its long power alleys and artificial turf. He therefore traded Third Baseman Ken Reitz and Catcher Ted Simmons and promoted or acquired Porter, Sutter and Herr. In 1981 St. Louis had the best overall record in the division. Before this season, Herzog traded middling pitchers Larry Sorensen and Silvio Martinez and malcontent Shortstop Garry Templeton and Sixto Lezcano, a disappointment in the outfield, for Mura and the Smiths.

Herzog is a blunt man who inspires affection by treating all his players the

same trip over the foul lines. When he was introduced before his former home crowd last Friday night, the Phillie Phanatic mimicked him by hitting the deck. And, perhaps just for old times' sake, Smith fell down while chasing a ball on Saturday.

In spring training Lonnie tortured Card watchers by playing a sloppy game in unmatched shoes. Then, to the groans of thousands, he dropped the first fly ball hit his way in St. Louis. But since then he has played a solid—at times even excellent—defense, despite having to switch from center to left every time Green is inserted as a late-inning replacement for Jorg.

"Our scouting reports said Lonnie was a more than adequate centerfielder in the minors," says Herzog. Jorg, who played with him in Oklahoma City, says, "He used to fall down a lot, for no apparent reason, and he'd sometimes make a glaring error. They'd hold it against him, forgetting all the good things he could do."

"I never played good defense in Philadelphia because I was afraid I'd be sent down," Lonnie says. "I'd only play if someone was hurt or if they were mad at him. I was too scared to steal and I used to daydream in the field. The Cardinals didn't tell me to play good defense. They just said to hit, steal bases and do my best in the outfield. I'm playing better because I'm more confident." He laughed. "And because I have only one pair of spikes."

The book on Lonnie is being rewritten posthaste. "He charges the ball as well as any outfielder in the league, and he isn't afraid to take chances," says Cub G.M. Dallas Green, who managed Smith in Philadelphia. Herzog maintains that Lonnie breaks up the double play with the best of them. Jorg says, "He's always had great speed and desire. When you combine that with his hitting, you've got a great ballplayer."

Ozzie Smith, in contrast, has always been known for his defense. In 1980 he set a major league record for shortstops, with 621 assists. "Templeton has better range and a stronger arm than Ozzie, but Ozzie has outstanding hands and a more accurate throwing arm," says Herzog. "Most guys think you have to come out with a cannon and blow away the first baseman," says Ozzie, who is so loose he can sing Talkin' Baseball while being interviewed. "That's not true. I just try



"Boogieing" around the bases is Green, 1

to make my throws quick and accurate."

On April 13, St. Louis beat the Cubs 4-3 as Ozzie clubbed his first homer in 1,772 at bats. Andujar hit safely for the first time in two seasons and Satter pitched spectacularly in relief. Later,

Andujar is under control for the Cardinals.



Herzog has designed a run 'n' hit offense.

same and giving them free rein on the field. They don't complain, and as Whitely would have it, they don't make much of a fuss, win or lose.

"Lonnie's our catalyst," says Herzog. In seven of the eight games Lonnie has led off by reaching base, he has scored, and the Cardinals won each time. Catalyst, indeed.

Lonnie's offense was always a given: He averaged .321 on his more than two years with the Phillies; now that he has learned to pull, he could be even better. His defense, however, has been spotty. It seems he kept falling down on the job. Lonnie's nickname in the minors was Skates. Philadelphians swear they saw



part-time player with many full-time duties.

And that was his problem: Ozzie was a Punch-and-Judy hitter and defensive specialist, hardly the stuff to light up the eyes of big league scouts. While Ozzie was being overshadowed at Locke High School by Eddie Murray, Lonnie was making a name for himself at Centennial. Lonnie was the Phillies' first-round draft choice in 1974. Ozzie, who wasn't drafted after high school, spent four years simmering at Cal Poly-San Luis Obispo.

"I don't think I was any better when I got out of college than I was when I finished high school," Ozzie says, "but I've always believed in myself. My mother, Marvella, used to tell me, 'When it's your time, it's your time.'" Although the Tigers drafted him in the seventh round after his junior year, he stayed in school and pursued a degree in social sciences (he's 30 units short). A fourth-round draft choice of the Padres in 1977, he signed, hit .303 and fielded well one year in the minors, and was the Padres' regular at the start of the next season. He stayed with that woebegone team four years, doing community service and saying things like: "It would be great to finish my career where I started it."

Ozzie began to feel differently last year when he asked for a substantial raise and the Padres wanted to cut him by \$60,000. After two months of negotiation with Ozzie's agent, Ed Gottlieb, the Cardinals traded Templeton for him on the understanding that Smith's case would go to arbitration. He asked for \$750,000, the Cardinals offered \$450,000, and the arbitrator decided on the lower figure. So Ozzie lost—if a 50% raise is losing.

As he tells it, being in first place is compensation enough. "Coming over here enabled me to experience winning," he says. "At 27 I was tired of talking about 'five years down the road.'"

What kind of guys are the Smiths? Asked how he's doing, Lonnie mentions the health of his wife and two children. Ozzie, with a straight face, says "It's great to be a Cardinal."

Great for the Cardinals, too. "You know how good they are?" asks St. Louis Coach Red Schoendienst. "I had a cold and I sat down next to them. The Smith Brothers made me well."

END



Ozzie (top) and Lonnie are in the swing of things with averages well above .300.



when somebody asked Herzog what had surprised him most, he replied, "That Ozzie booted one." It was Smith's only error in 94 chances this season.

Ozzie's lifetime average of .231 through 1981 had given him a poor reputation as a hitter. Unfairly, he believes, because he has a knack for getting walks and stealing bases. "Last year, I only had 37 strikeouts in 450 at bats," he says. "So I wasn't a hopeless case."

On Ozzie's first day as a Cardinal he approached coaches Hiller and Dave Ricketts and asked them for help with his hitting. "The main thing they told me," says Ozzie, "was to stay on top of the ball. I don't have a great deal of power, so I have to utilize my speed. I do that by keeping the ball on the ground."

"I've never seen anyone work so hard," says Hiller. "He's the classiest big-leaguer you'll ever see."

Neither Smith ever thought he'd be a big-leaguer at all. They grew up 10 miles apart—Ozzie in East Los Angeles, Lonnie in Compton. Ozzie says he was "in awe" of even the semipro who played in the park across the street from his house. Lonnie says, "All I ever wanted was to be six feet tall. I have a 5' 10" younger brother, a 5' 11" sister and a 6'2" older brother. I guess I was the pip-squeak."

The Smiths eventually met when they were teen-agers on a Connie Mack team. Lonnie played center, Ozzie shortstop. "I always knew Ozzie could pick it [field]," says Lonnie. "We called him the Whiz."

Overloaded With Circuit Breakers

Sparks flew as rival tournaments in Dallas and Las Vegas spotlighted the malaises of pro tennis by **CURRY KIRKPATRICK**



Notes and quotes and rumors and tumors from tennis' latest war zones:

• John McEnroe qualified for the World Championship Tennis (WCT) Finals in Dallas last week without playing in one WCT tournament in 1982. He gained admission to Dallas by filing an entry for WCT-Strasbourg, played in March. McEnroe may or may not have got a \$400,000 guarantee for agreeing to play in the French event. If he did, he broke Grand Prix rules. Of course, WCT isn't part of the Grand Prix and isn't subject to its regulations. But McEnroe missed Strasbourg because of an ankle injury. "I feel a little guilty," he said in Dallas. "But at least I entered Strasbourg. I didn't totally chintz my way in here." If McEnroe had lost his first WCT match in Dallas, he would have won at least \$50,000 in bonus money and other prizes. If he had defaulted with an injury, who can imagine what awesome riches in the bulging vaults that surround Reunion Arena would have been his for the taking?

• Björn (the Big Q, for qualifier) Borg, a martyr for all seasons, now plays tournaments only in those countries or at those hotels to which he is contractually obligated. That may or may not be against Grand Prix rules. He appears in Monte Carlo as a condition of his tax-exempt citizenship there. He plays Vegas—Caesars Palace, the Big Room, outdoors—so he can wear the hostelry's cute little patch on his shirt all over the universe. Before last week's qualifying at the Caesars Palace-Alan King Tennis Classic and celebrity orgy, King said jokingly of Borg, "The s.o.b.'s gonna have to play me to play Cosby." Instead, Borg lost in the first round of the qualifying to Dick Stockton, who's ranked 91 in the world. Throughout the match Borg disinterestedly served with two balls in his hand. He was last seen discussing strokes and perusing the baccarat tables with such other King tournament immortals as Walter Cronkite and Barbi Benton.

• Ivan Lendl, the defending champion in Las Vegas, relinquished his title by playing in Dallas. He undoubtedly showed up at the WCT finals to justify the—hold on to your Czech books—\$753,000 in tournament winnings he had withdrawn from Lamar Hunt's bank account in barely four months on the WCT tour. That's not counting the \$125,000 appearance money—which may or may not be against the Grand Prix rules—offered by a Grand Prix tournament promoter in Milan, which Lendl had to turn down because he was extremely busy doing a commercial for Ben Gay. At the WCT finals Lendl broke precedent by inviting the international press, with whom he had previously communicated as if it were the KGB, to a cocktail party in his hotel suite to celebrate the glories of tennis or Texas or capitalism or something. The canapés may or may not have included Ben Gay or Ritz crackers.

• Jimmy Connors, who has won Dallas



Wife Mariana didn't bring Borg any luck in Vegas, where he lost in the qualifying

twice and Las Vegas twice, chose the desert this time primarily because he was designated to play there by the Men's International Professional Tennis Council (MIPTC). Designations, of course, may or may not be illegal. "I told WCT I'd play Dallas if they'd pay the cost of my lawsuit in Vegas," said Connors. Connors may or may not play these days only if he is guaranteed a gargantuan appearance allowance or an unlimited wardrobe of Oshkosh overalls for his son, Brett. The local promoters of this week's WCT-Shipyard Classic in Hilton Head, S.C. wanted to offer a \$250,000 condominium to a player if he should win both their event and the WCT-Tournament of Champions at Forest Hills in New York City the next week. WCT officials agreed that was a nice incentive, but then said they would rather see the condo given to Connors for merely showing up in Hilton Head. The local Islanders laughed and laughed . . . until they cried because

they realized that the WCT was serious.

• Jose-Luis Clerc, behind 1-2 in sets but ahead 4-1 in the fourth against Lendl in the championship match of WCT-Fountain two weeks ago, refused to adjourn to a lighted court with evening approaching. As an alternative, Clerc walked out on the River Oaks Country Club spectators, thus settling for the \$32,000 runner-up money instead of competing for the \$100,000 first prize. Lendl, who had threatened a similar conclusion when the match was delayed by rain twice in the third set, may or may not have been beaten to the walkout by his more resourceful opponent. "My assessment is that all of them are under the horrendous pressure of the game today," said WCT Executive Director Owen Williams in explaining Clerc's decision to blow the 68 thou. "There's too much pressure. Jose-Luis is going through that." During last week's

opening ceremonies in Dallas, at which all players were required to appear, Clerc was nowhere to be found. As it turned out, he was at the Brookhaven Country Club seeking relief from the horrendous pressure of pro tennis. Playing golf.

• Vitas Gerulaitis made the finals of WCT-Zurich a month ago. If he had won the tournament, he would have been fined and/or suspended by somebody last week. Why? According to the terms of his contract with WCT, he would have been obligated to play Dallas, but by a Grand Prix designation he was obligated to play Las Vegas. "If I'd won Zurich, maybe I'd have hired a plane and made both tournaments," said Gerulaitis. Luckily, he lost to Bill Scanlon in Zurich. "You think they agreed to split the purse?" said Connors with a laugh. "Naw, tennis players don't do that." In Vegas Gerulaitis lost to Jeff Borowick in the first round.

• Volvo sponsors the year-round Grand Prix tour. Mercedes-Benz is the local promoter of a Grand Prix event in Stuttgart in July. At present Mercedes-Benz is under investigation by the MIPTC for allegedly giving fabulously discounted automobiles to players and agents of players to entice these pros to play Stuttgart. One player, Sashi Menon, may or may not have already received his Mercedes and may or may not have already sold it at a huge profit. Whatever the case, Menon has let his ranking drop so low on the Association of Tennis Professionals (ATP) computer that he can't even get into the tournament anymore. The promoters may or may not wish they had given Menon a Jeep. Sashi Menon!

Is international tennis truly real? Or is it Memorex?

McEnroe in Dallas: "People are getting mad at us tennis players because they think we go around the world getting handed huge piles of money for doing nothing."

Really?

Connors in Las Vegas: "There are too many rules and regulations and politicians everywhere, including on the court."

continued

The fun and thrills are going out of tennis; the game is an embarrassment. Whoever says the agents are the whores has got it wrong. The agents are the pimps. The players are the whores."

Let's not beat around the bush now, guys. The fact is, tennis and tennis politics have been wallowing in confusion ever since the game was momentarily struck by a bolt of enlightenment and opened itself up to the professionals in 1968. Everybody in the game rushes to explain that pro tennis is still in puberty, still "a growing child," and that it shouldn't be compared in its troubles with, say, ancient, hallowed golf. But did Francis Oumet ever storm about the greensward, thrashing at the flags and branding St. Andrews "the pits"? Would he have gotten away with it? Did Hogan ever walk out on Sneed, saying, "You can have it, Slammer" and lose 4 and 14? Does Nicklaus have to qualify for the Masters? Certainly golf is a wholly different animal. However, efficient administration is efficient administration, common sense is the same on the fairway as at the baseline. The golf tour works because it is organized correctly and cared for by people who aren't constantly

grasping after personal aggrandizement or plainly out to get the other guy.

Ego, greed and chaos have always been pro tennis' legacy to itself, but this year, when stupidity made a fourth partner, a terrific mixed doubles fiasco was launched. In this case, the result was the application of what has become known as "the Borg Rule," and even the public could scent the foulness of the deed. The irony is that Borg is trapped in the middle of the raging war between the Grand Prix, administered by the MIPTC and its president, Philippe Chatrier of France, and WCT, whose benefactor, Hunt, has always been anathema—a Texas slicker just in from the oil fields—to the worldly council and its member national federations. "Total control is their game," says Hunt. "I'm in a private business. What is involved here is called the free-enterprise system."

Before Hunt-WCT broke away from the Grand Prix in 1981 after four years of reasonably peaceful partnership within the circuit, nearly all the top players averaged some 12 tournaments a year. Looking ahead to 1982, with the threat of Hunt's \$7.9 million, 22-event tour lying fallow out there beyond its jurisdiction, the MIPTC panicked and imposed the 10-tournament minimum commitment on the players—"the Borg Rule." The council feared that the players might pass up much of the \$17 million, 87-event Grand Prix circuit and flock to Hunt's higher-paying (\$100,000 first prizes vs. a range of \$12,000 to \$90,000 for the Grand Prix), smaller-draw (in some cases 16-man fields vs. the 32s to 128s in the Grand Prix) tournaments.

What ultimately took place was that Hunt signed 57 of the top 64 players in the world for at least a few of his tournaments. But the two player-agent colossi,

Mark McCormack's International Management Group (IMG) and Donald Dell's ProServ (no initials as yet, thank God), who together wield more power in the game than Hunt, Chatrier, McEnroe, Bud Collins and all of Billie Jean King's lawyers put together, also contributed their leverage. Borg and Connors, both former WCT champions and current IMG clients, didn't sign with Hunt. The other five of the Top 64—Gene Mayer, Brian Gottfried, Stan Smith, Raul Ramirez and Yannick Noah—were held out of WCT by ProServ. It is instructive—and perhaps a clarion call for the future of player-agent relations—that Lendl is also a Dell client, but Dell, anti-WCT to the core, isn't able to tell Lendl, the king of the WCT road show, what to do. So much for looking out for the best interests of...

A major problem with the MIPTC, which is composed of three members each from the International Tennis Federation, the ATP and the tournament directors, is that it has lost the respect of the players, and deservedly so. The Borg sham and McEnroe's escape from punishment for last year's Wimbledon shenanigans are only the council's more public farces. Chatrier is considered by many to be a puppet creation of Dell and the old pro-pol, Jack Kramer. Chatrier, you may recall, barred Connors from the French Open in 1974 because Jimbo had played World Team Tennis.

Kramer long ago forfeited his credibility because of his absolute obsession to drive Hunt out of the game, as if that were possible. "Jack still resents being born too soon," says one top player. "He'd be much better off leaving tennis so he wouldn't have to watch Hunt make a million dollars a month and McEnroe five million a week."

continued



While Hunt was hyping the WCT Finals, Connors was demolishing the field at Caesars.



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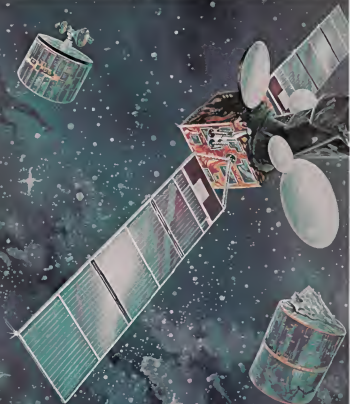
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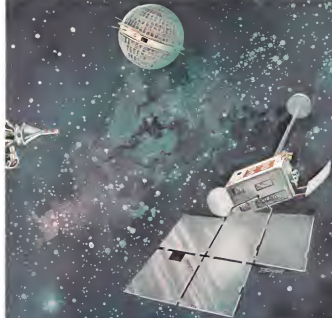
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In February the ATP announced that to maintain neutrality in the Grand Prix-WCT battle it would be withdrawing from the MIPTC at the end of this year. In addition, the ATP has proposed that it and the MIPTC enter a contractual relationship. Among the ATP's demands are the elimination of the designated system, a share of TV revenues and the right to administer the Code of Conduct by itself; that is, players policing fellow players. These proposals are still under discussion in the halls of the alphabet agencies, but, whatever the outcome, the players are clearly fed up with kowtowing to the Gilbert and Sullivan-orchestrated MIPTC.

"The council is a bigger laugh than ever because now even the public is laughing," says Vijay Amritraj, who attempted something of a joke on his own last week by calling Vegas to offer his services in the pro-celebrity on Saturday if he lost in Dallas on Friday. Ho ho. A Caesars official, sensitive to the WCT-Grand Prix malevolence, got word back to Amritraj telling him to take a hike. After Amritraj upset Clerc, however, Vijay's parents left Dallas for Vegas and Saturday night were at King's famous bacchanal pool party enjoying the live tigers and the spectacular fireworks as their son faced Lendl in the Dallas semis. Amand Amritraj was asked poolside in Vegas if he had watched any of his brother's losing match on TV. "No, not really," said Amand.

Do the ATP brothers stick together in their union the way the sisters of the Women's Tennis Association (WTA) do? Guillermo Vilas and Gerulaitis aren't even members of the ATP. Borg and McEnroe reportedly were pressured to join. Connors sometimes refers to the ATP as "A-T-Penis" and disdains many of its actions. "Designations? Pathetic, useless," he says. "How can we be told where to play, how much to play? Guarantees? Guarantees have been legal since the game was invented. The worst thing is to be told what to do all the time. If the council or the ATP or whoever said, 'Hey, look, try to squeeze in 10 tournaments, just try,' we'd probably play 12. When they say, 'You will play 10,' we think of every excuse to play eight."

Et tu, Bjorn Borg. Now a brooding Ingmar Bergman antihero, Borg is so disgusted with the state of affairs that he may not enter another tournament until late fall. No Wimbledon. No Davis Cup. No U.S. Open. "I'm in Vegas to figure

out how to get Bjorn work," said Bob Kain of IMG. "Four-mans, eight-mans, whatever. The Borg tour."

Hunt hasn't exactly endeared himself to Borg by calling him, time and again, "an exhibition player." In turn, Hunt's circuit is considered nothing more than special events and exhibitions by the ATP, which, hardly neutral, refuses to recognize WCT events on its ranking computer. Soon, touché, Hunt will unveil WCT's own computer—"based on all events, not just ours," he says. The WCT machine, which conceivably will award points to everybody and everything, including the Bulgarian Davis Cup team playing exhibitions at Jane Fonda's dancercise spa, is to be called the Nixdorf computer. Honest.

Hunt was the first to pour millions into tennis. His contributions to the sport are immense. But as in his old AFL-NFL foxhole days, Hunt has been intransigent in his dealings with the players' union. Tampering with the players' sacred computer is like cop-killing to the ATP.

"By cooperating with us, Lamar had a chance to legitimize his circuit, to achieve something good, to put the Grand Prix on the run," says ATP president Harold Solomon. "Instead he's balked at any input we might want to have on his circuit. At the same time the Grand Prix agrees to keep talking to us. How can we remain neutral under those circumstances?"

Having flown from Vegas to Dallas last week, Mike Davies, the new marketing director of ATP, met with Hunt to thrash out the differences between WCT and the Grand Prix and to try to come to some accommodation for 1983 before it's too late. For 13 years the strong-willed Davies was executive director of none other than WCT. Now he has flip-flopped, and if anyone can be tennis' Kissinger, he's the one. "I've been blunt with Lamar, and we're having good chats," Davies said as Lendl and McEnroe prepared to square off for the WCT title. "The ATP is the last hope, the only motivating factor to get these two tours to work separately but together in peace."

Meanwhile, back in Vegas, as Connors was winning the tournament and Borg was trying to figure out whose life was this anyway, King presented a more realistic point of view. "Sorry I'm late," he announced to a meeting of tournament directors. "Did I miss anything or did we set back tennis another 10 years?" **END**



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In the summer of 1979, Joe Gonzales was under suspicion: Was he really Yuki Takada's brother? Gonzales, then a senior at Cal State Bakersfield, had paid his own way to Tokyo to train with his idol. Takada, the 1976 Olympic freestyle wrestling champion at 114.5 pounds, and other outstanding Japanese lightweights

the best," says Gonzales. And sure enough, his blend of East and West has made him the best in the U.S.—and possibly No. 1 in the world.

After an unspectacular high school career, during which he was plagued by bizarre injuries and ailments, and after two disappointing years at East Los Angeles

wrestler, the cauliflower ears; the obsession with work—he trained four hours a day, six days a week while in Japan in 1979; the habit of rolling his head around every few minutes to loosen up his neck muscles; the missing front tooth ("I call this my false," he says, removing his upper dental plate with its lonely incisor);

Gonzo, Man On The Go

But Gonzales' new workout partners couldn't believe that he was a Mexican-American from Los Angeles; at 5' 2½" and with coarse black hair and thick glasses, he looked too much like one of them. They called him Gonzo because it sounded more Japanese.

The most striking resemblance showed up in daily sessions on the mat. Gonzales, himself a 114.5-pounder, wrestles in the Japanese style, which eschews brawn and dramatic, heave-ho body throws in favor of quickness, technical perfection and moves that attack an opponent's legs. From a square stance—most Americans prefer to stand with one foot forward, the other back—Gonzales moves constantly from side to side and crowds in on his man before shooting a tackle. He's so adept at scoring two-point takedowns that he often gives his opponent a one-point escape just so he can take his rival back down. "I'm a two-for-one man," says Gonzales, again holding to Oriental tradition. Of course, against the 25-year-old Takada, a three-time world champion, Gonzales usually ended up as a one-for-two man. He was still young. He sometimes got pinned. But more important, Gonzales says proudly, "They were convinced I couldn't be an American."

Gonzales isn't unpatriotic; it's just that the last—and only—U.S. wrestler to win an Olympic gold medal in the 114.5-pound class was Robert Curry in 1904. The Japanese, by contrast, have finished first in the 114.5-pound division at four of the last five Olympics. "I figured the way to become the best was to take after

College, a juco, and Oklahoma University, Gonzales finally came into his own in 1979. While competing for Cal State Bakersfield that year and the next, he won 98 of 99 matches and NCAA 118-pound titles in both Division I and Division II (the latter twice). In 1980, as a senior, he established NCAA single-season records for most victories (55), most takedowns (448) and best record (55-0) and won his first AAU freestyle championship. He could have made the so-called Olympic team that year but saw no reason to try.

Yet his best year to date is clearly 1982. In January he became only the seventh American to come in first in any weight division at the prestigious Tbilisi tournament in the Soviet Union, and in March, in Toledo, Ohio, he won the 114.5-pound World Cup championship. He's favored to gain his third straight AAU freestyle title, this time at 125.5 pounds, at next week's national championships in Lincoln, Neb. "I don't see any Americans around who'll give him much trouble," says Cal State Bakersfield Coach Joe Seay, whose remarkable wrestling program may well produce all four 1984 U.S. Olympic lightweights (105, 114.5, 125.5 and 136 pounds). Says Dan Gable, the 1972 Olympic gold medalist at 149.5 pounds and now the Iowa coach, "Joe Gonzales has kind of proved that he's in a class by himself."

Gonzales has all the trademarks of a

Gonzo puts a move on a very willing opponent, his 105-pound girl friend, Joni Jones.



and the wide, yearning eyes with which he watches another person eat. However, for a champion in such an aggressive, physical sport he's surprisingly underconfident. Although a marvelous storyteller when among friends, in less secure surroundings he's shy and self-doubting, reluctant to acknowledge his talent. "I

don't want to be made out as some kind of unbeatable wrestler," he says. "Then people will expect too much."

"Joe has always underestimated himself," says John Azevedo, a former Cal State Bakersfield teammate and NCAA 126-pound champion. "I've worked out with him every day for years, and I knew

all along he could be the best in the world. Technically he does everything well. But he's just starting to realize that." Gonzales is so self-effacing that he blames himself even for stunting his own growth. "I should have been 5' 6"," he says. In fact, he probably should have been 5' 6". As Azevedo also says, "Joe's had some bad breaks along the way."

The first was his birth. Mary, his mother, was in labor with him for three days before he was pulled out by the head with forceps, which caused minor brain

continued

Speedy takedowns have made Joe Gonzales the best 114.5-pound freestyle wrestler in the U.S.—perhaps in the world **by CRAIG NEFF**





Gonzales regards himself as "a two-for-one man."

damage, which in turn made him hyperactive. However, Mary and her husband, Joe Sr., a foreman in the park maintenance department of Montebello, Calif., were initially unaware of the brain damage. "They just thought I was a nuisance," says Joe Jr. At age one he broke an arm by tipping over in his high chair and somehow learned to climb up onto closet shelves and even the roof of the Gonzales house. Before he was 12, Gonzales had twice swallowed rat poison, downed a whole bottle of prescription pills and nearly strangled the boy next door by wrapping a rope around the child's neck during a game of tug-of-war. He was constantly on detention at his Catholic grade school, where some of the nuns thought he was literally possessed by the devil. Doctors eventually determined the cause of Gonzales' ceaseless activity, gave him medication to control it and told him he would outgrow it by the time he reached high school.

In his first two years at Montebello High, during which he took up wrestling because one of his friends had, Gonzales still showed vestiges of his wildness. When he refused to let up while playing

running back at a freshman football practice—he had a penchant for barging into defenders even after the play had been blown dead—one of the linebackers flattened him with a tackle and fractured Gonzales' left ankle. One spring, Joe went out for the track team as a pole vaulter. Though his father, using a bamboo pole, had once cleared 13' 6" and won the Los Angeles high school title, Joe's personal best was all of 7' 6". "It would have been a good high jump," he says. Gonzales, it seems, preferred to spend track practice wrestling in the grass with his teammates.

After sophomore year, Gonzales decided to concentrate on wrestling and drop the other sports. For one thing, he'd nearly had his finger chopped off in a freak football accident. For another, he was actually good at wrestling; that year he won 28 of 30 matches.

But at the end of his sophomore wrestling season, Gonzales was bothered by severe back pains. For a while he couldn't walk. Visits to several doctors revealed a deformity of the spine. "The first doctor told me I needed surgery and would never be able to wrestle again," Gonzales says. "If I did wrestle, the doctor said, I might not be able to walk again. I wanted another opinion." He and his mother visited five more doctors, three of whom said Gonzales didn't need an operation. "We got back from that sixth doctor and the score was three to three. So I flipped a coin," says Gonzales. The quarter advised against surgery.

A series of back exercises cleared up Gonzales' pain, which was caused by a misaligned sacroiliac joint, but what has helped keep it from recurring is—what else?—the Japanese style of wrestling. Shiro Aoyama, an assistant coach at East Los Angeles College and a former Olympic alternate for Japan, saw Gonzales wrestling at an evening recreational program in 1973 and took him aside. "He said, 'No, no, no. All wrong, all wrong,'" says Gonzales, who at the time was trying to outmuscle his opponents. Aoyama

told Gonzales that the Japanese style was not only superior, but it would also put less strain on Gonzales' sacroiliac.

Gonzales began working on the new technique the following fall, only to suffer another physical setback. His natural body weight then was 123 pounds, and he planned to compete at 115 pounds, which wouldn't have entailed especially rigorous dieting by wrestlers' standards. His high school coach, however, suggested that Gonzales would have a better chance of winning the state title if he dropped down one more class, to 106. Gonzales tried it. He starved himself for four days, enduring the dehydration, sleepless nights and nausea the regimen produced, and he did indeed make the weight for a Saturday afternoon dual-meet match, which he won 10-1. The worst, however, was yet to come.

While in junior high school, Gonzales, whose mother and father are 4' 11½" and 5' 5", respectively, was so self-conscious about his height that he went to a doctor to find out how much more he might grow. The doctor told Gonzales he would probably reach 5' 6" someday, and Gonzales is still sure that he would have, but for that four-day fast. "I messed myself up right when I was going through my growth year," he says.

Not surprisingly, what Gonzales did after that victory at 106 pounds was eat—pizza, tacos, ice cream... He says that by Monday morning, 40 hours after his match, he had ballooned to a whopping 148 pounds. "I came out of the bedroom and my mother said, 'My gosh, you look like a chubby Mongolian,'" he says. Gonzales' body was so swollen he couldn't bend his knees or elbows. Once again his mother took him to a physician, who informed him that his overeating had nearly had fatal consequences: After four days of complete deprivation, Gonzales' body tissues, in an attempt to replenish what had been lost, basically refused to let any food or water pass through his system. Gonzales' wrestling season was ruined, although he did return for the last few matches. "The coach tried to talk me into dropping back down to 106," he says, shaking his head.

Gonzales went to Japan in a cultural exchange program that summer, 1974, and wrestled a series of junior-level matches while he was there. He won every bout and continued to sharpen his technique; he also began to absorb non-wrestling elements of Oriental culture,

continued

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such as self-control, politeness and filial piety, that he still displays. "I thought I was all ready for a good senior year," he says, and indeed he was favored to win the state high school championship.

This time a head injury stopped him. In February, while getting in an extra workout under Aoyama's guidance at East L.A. College, Gonzales was accidentally pole-driven into the mat by a training partner and had to be hospitalized. For two days he didn't know who he was—"or even what weight class I wrestled," he says. Gonzales, whose record was 26-0, had headaches for weeks thereafter, and in March he failed to win even his sectional tournament. But no sooner did he regain good health than he showed his superiority as a wrestler. In early summer, he won the national high school title.

After a year at East Los Angeles—one he felt he owed to Aoyama and other coaches there who had helped him—Gonzales was given a full wrestling scholarship by NCAA power Oklahoma. "It was just as well that he went there and got a taste of Big Four [Oklahoma, Oklahoma State, Iowa, Iowa State] wrestling," says Seay, who had also recruited him. "Otherwise he always would've wondered if he should have." Even though Gonzales had had a 48-1 record at East L.A., the Oklahoma coaches tried to change his stance and takedown style to the conventional U.S. models. "What they did was lose a great wrestler," says Seay. Gonzales completed a 15-7-1 season and then asked Sooner Coach Stan Abel to release him from his scholarship so he could transfer to Cal State Bakersfield. Abel, angered by the request, refused. Excluded from even training with a college team for one year because he had walked out on his scholarship, Gonzales returned to East L.A. and finished his associate's degree in physics.

Gonzales is so good-humored that he isn't bitter about his year at Oklahoma; instead, he fondly recalls Norman as the place where he picked up his only hobby, snake collecting. One day a friend's rattler got loose in Gonzales' room, creating terror. "You talk about seven guys climbing the walls," says



The pride of Bakersfield (from the left): Gonzales, Adam and Danny Cuestas and Seay.

Gonzales. "They were dangling from the hanging plants. I got up on top of a bedpost." Ever since then, Gonzales has found snakes "fascinating," and he has acquired three nonpoisonous ones—caught during his training runs through Bakersfield—and a Mojave greenback rattler, which was given to him by the Cal State track coach, Bob Coons. Gonzales entertains guests by feeding the rattler mice, which he gets free from a biology professor. "All I have to do is bring my own jar," Gonzales says. "Mice are pretty expensive."

Such budget-consciousness has helped Gonzales fit right in at Cal State Bakersfield, a small (enrollment: 2,359) com-

muter school with little money for athletics. Seay, 42, a former national 149.5-pound champ from Wellington, Kans., started the school's wrestling program in 1972 with such limited funds that his team had to train in a science lab and his wife had to do all the wrestlers' laundry. Even now the school lacks a weight room and has a pitifully tiny wrestling room and so few wrestling scholarships that Seay, an exceptional coach, has to recruit athletes impoverished enough to qualify for general scholarships, which is what Gonzales had. "The school thinks they could throw us out onto the grass and we'd still win," says 158-pound senior Perry Shea, who's one of the four Division II champions on this year's team. "They're probably right." Cal State Bakersfield has won six of the last seven Division II team titles and finished in the top 10 of Division I for five years in a row. In NCAA championship wrestling competition and some other minor sports, schools may move up a division or two in one sport if they so choose.

Gonzales, 24, and Azevedo, 25, Seay's graduate assistants, find the environment ideal for training. Bakersfield offers few social distractions, and the two can work out not only with each other, but also with junior Adam Cuestas, the 1982 World Cup champ at



Gonzales puts a stranglerhold on his Mojave greenback rattler.

continued

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GONZALES CONTINUED

105.5 pounds, and his brother, Danny, a senior, who won his second Division 4, 126-pound title this year. "In practice, it's tooth and nail," says Azevedo.

"But pound for pound," says Adam, who has modeled his style after Gonzales', "Little Joe is the toughest man in the room."

Gonzales' parents, now divorced, were both born in Los Angeles, but all four of his grandparents were native Mexicans. "You want to know how we got to California?" asks Joe, not afraid to poke fun at his heritage. He tells of his 6'1", blue-eyed grandfather, a mine worker in the New Mexico territory in 1910 or thereabouts who took to dating the boss's daughter. "It was fine until the boss found out my grandfather was Mexican," says Gonzales. "Word got out he would be coming after my grandfather with a gun. That's how we got to California." By coincidence—and at less risk—Gonzales goes out with the daughter of a chief mine engineer for the United States, Borax & Chemical Corp. in Boron, Calif. Her name is Joni Jones, and she's a senior at Cal State Bakersfield.

Gonzales sometimes cooks dinner for Jones, and the menu is usually Oriental. He's a semivegetarian, having eaten no red meat in three years, and he seems to subsist on things that are stir-fried. "A lot of these philosophers you hear about, like Socrates, even Benjamin Franklin, were vegetarians," says Gonzales. (Actually, Socrates advocated vegetarianism, although he didn't practice it.) "It has been proved that vegetarians have more endurance. The strongest animals in the world are vegetarians." Gonzales also eats ice cream by the half gallon and can't resist nuts. In fact, what saw him through a tedious 1980 summer job—driving a forklift at a Sun Giant nut warehouse—was the access it gave him to all the almonds he could eat. "Just think," he says. "The summer of '80, The Olympics. It could have been Moscow. Instead, there I am in Bakersfield. In a nutshell."

Come 1984, Gonzales hopes to be back home in Los Angeles, wrestling for gold along with Azevedo and the Cuevas brothers. "It would be great," he says. "A bunch of California boys doing the job in California." But between now and then, Gonzales will return to Japan to train, perhaps for five or six months. Gonzo just wants to make absolutely sure he still has the look and style of a winner.

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Silver Surfer comics, of which Veevee has a full set, are now worth as much as \$70 each.

I am here to protect this tiny blessed sphere which men call Earth.

—THE SILVER SURFER,
SENTINEL OF THE SPACEWAYS

Making it all the way through this story without a goof-up would be one of the great triumphs of modern printing. The subject of this piece is Julie Veevee. That's Veevee with three—count 'em, three—e's. You guys on the copy desk got that? Just follow along the way it's

written here: Veevee figures that only two e's in his last name would be ordinary and that three are extraordinary enough. This, as you may have gathered, is no ordinary man: If Veevee has a whoopee season in outdoor soccer like the one he just had indoors, he may add yet a fourth and fifth e. As it is now, the throng of fans happily screaming his name sound as if those extra e's are already in place.

This is no slick, predictable-looking hero. Veevee is 6' 1", 175 pounds or so, and totally tousel from top to bottom. Looking at him one would think that his team, the San Diego Sockers, sent someone around every morning to rumple him. At 32, his face has settled into its maturity—solid cheekbones, generous mouth and a fine, sturdy nose, sort of beaked, yet broad and thick at the base. It's a typical Hungarian face, Veevee insists, richly suited to evincing any number of moods.

They're mostly good at the moment.

With The Greatest Of E's

Julie Veevee plays midfield for San Diego exactly the way the Silver Surfer used to ride his board—with A CERTAIN MAGIC! by BOB OTTUM

That figure, because Vee is fast becoming one of the country's best-known soccer players. For the most part he attained this status over the winter when he blew everybody away and fired the Sockers to a 16-8 record and the NASL indoor title. Assuredly no slouch outdoors, Vee turns into a demon when the game is played inside. With the smaller field and six men instead of 11 to a side, the action indoors is far faster, and Vee is expert at playing the ball off the walls, the stands, his elbows, his earlobes and, occasionally, a kidney or two. When the inside action concluded a few weeks ago, Vee was named MVP of both the regular season and the championship series, and he had broken all the NASL indoor scoring marks, with 51 goals and 38 assists for 140 points in 17 regular-season games. He had scored in 35 straight games over two years and averaged 2.6 goals and 7.1 points an outing during the streak. Indeed, he has never played an indoor game without getting at least one goal. It seems fairly safe to say that even the Silver Surfer couldn't have done it better.

The Silver...hmmmm.

Well, it takes a bit of explaining before one can fully comprehend this business about the Sentinel of the Spaceways, though anybody who was reading *Marvel Comics* back around 1968 will understand. Shooooom! The Surfer appears all shining, as if he has been chrome-plated and hand-buffed, and he utters truly wonderful stuff like, "Never am I alone—never unarmed—so long as I possess my board." (Those are the Surfer's italics, not ours.) Well, in the case of Vee, substitute "soccer ball" for "surfboard."

To go back to the beginning, Vee was born in Budapest in 1950, on the shantytown, or Pest, side of the city. In those days he was called Gyula Visnyei (pronounced JOO-lá Vish-NEE-yai). Dad was a lathè operator and played a little soccer and drank a little beer on the side, like most dads in the neighborhood. The kids came by soccer naturally, playing the game in the street outside the tavern while waiting for their fathers to come out. "We were very, very poor," says Vee, "but then, so was everybody. After the Russians came in 1956, it got really bad. I didn't eat an orange until I was 17 and never a banana. But now, here in this country, you see them both in abundance." —m— he searches for the word—"in abundance?"

Vee's wife, Yvette, corrects him without even glancing up from the newspaper she is reading. "Abundance," she says.

"Abundance!" he burks triumphantly. "Bananas in ABUNDANCE!"

Vee talks just like that, in the wonderfully explosive, staccato language of one who taught himself to read and speak English by studying comic books. Sometimes, when he's deep in puzzled thought, his expressive face all screwed up, one half expects to see words appear printed inside a balloon over his head. As it is, he speaks in a Hungarian-accented comic-bookese, saying many words in all caps. Not BLAM! or POW! necessarily, but "danger!" always comes out DANGER! or he will say, telling of the old days, "Well, we were in SOME FIX!"

But poverty or not—and most likely because of it—Vee became a kid soccer star. He was born with the natural balance of a cat and the unfinely slick hip and thigh movements of a belly dancer. In addition, gifted young athletes enjoyed special status in Hungary. With the entire country subsisting on an enforced soup and bread diet, the jocks' perks came in the form of *kaloris*. "That means we got calorie money," Vee says. "The government gave selected kids the equivalent of four dollars a month and a special permit which allowed them to buy extra calories for their diet so that they could grow stronger and play better soccer. 'Hey, hey, look, look, I got my *kaloria* money.' I'd yell to all my pals. And I'd buy them chocolate, and I'd buy sweets for my family. And then, as I played better, I was awarded a no-show job. I had been working as a . . . you call them locksmiths."

"Machinist," his wife says. "MACHINIST!" Vee says. "And at 12 years old, I was playing for Vasas [pronounced VA-shoss], a labor team." At 14, he was finished with school. "My grades were so bad," he says, "that I couldn't possibly qualify for gymnasium, what you call high school. And, besides, soccer was my whole life. You see, I can't paint and I can't draw and I can't write and I don't speak well. But in soccer, I

can achieve a CERTAIN MAGIC! It's like no other feeling. It's like, ummm, a DOWNHILL ski race; it's an inside CRESCENDO!"

And that is what led to the Great Escape and the Silver Surfer, all those extra calories be damned.

Vee was 18 when, in February 1968, he went on the tournament circuit to Italy as a member of the Hungarian junior national team. It gets beautifully complicated from here on. Vee has an uncle in Long Beach, Calif., one Tony Visnyei, and Visnyei's wife has a cousin named Carl Burkenwald, who at the time was a student knocking around Europe with a beard, a knapsack and a bugle. Is that come book enough? Well, Burkenwald had seen Vee in action on Italian televi-

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDY HAYT



Pass or shot? With Vee you can bet it's the former.

sion, and when he met Vee in Viareggio—the two communicated entirely by sign language and vigorous nods and smiles—Burkenwald proposed that his cousin-in-law defect to the U.S., where soccer was starting to boom.

"It wasn't that I was feeling oppressed or unhappy, it was the sense of ADVENTURE AND DANGER," says Vee. "So I went back to the locker room and I put on almost all of my civilian clothes, pulling on layer after layer. Then I tugged on my team warmup suit over it all. I started

continued



The Julie Veece former daughters Jennifer, 10, and Katrina, 4, and wife Yvette.

JULIE VEECE *continued*

to waddle past the couch at the door, walking like a penguin, and he said to me, 'Where you go, lad?' I told him that I'm going out to buy a FEW GUM! See, the idea was that, somewhere outside, I'd hand off my clothes to Carl for the escape. But the coach wouldn't let me out of the room."

So much for Viareggio. The Hungarian team's next tournament game was scheduled to take place in a suburb near Pisa. Burkenwald then explained this terrible plan: When you hear me blow the bugle, he said to Veece, it means that everything is all set for you. We'll meet outside the stadium. Burkenwald conveyed the getaway scheme in sign language, and his expression clearly said: You understand all this?

"We suited up and went out to play," says Veece. "And it was a tough, grinding game. Then, suddenly, from somewhere up in the stands, amid those thousands of people, there it came TA TA! The bugle! The BUGLE! Ta ta! The damn thing blew all during the game, which we tied 0-0. If we'd won, it would've meant that we'd have gone on to the finals, and I might not have walked out on that. But as it now was, we were going to be ordered back to Hungary. So I pulled on my red warmups and headed out of the stadium for the team bus. On the way I met Carl and we took off. The Italian bus driver came running after me. But, you know, he didn't run too hard."

The Hungarians were furious, of course. But only until they determined

that Veece hadn't made off with all of the club's under-the-table appearance money, which had been paid in cash and stashed back at the team's hotel. Veece had also left behind his passport.

It was a nifty escape, but the problem was that FIFA, the Fédération Internationale de Football Association, automatically prohibits a defecting athlete from playing on a new team for one year. So Veece knocked around Italy for a time: Uncle Tony had sent him \$50; the International Rescue Committee was paying him \$4 a week; and he got a job washing wine glasses at an elegant San Marino hotel. He lived on bananas (in abundance) and Coca-Cola and American movies. He's believed to be the only person in the world ever to see *Once Upon a Time in the West* seven straight evenings without throwing up. "You think I talk funny," he says now. "You should hear Charles Bronson dubbed into Italian."

At last, on May 29, 1969, Veece came to the U.S.—a bit too late, unsupplied, because the infant U.S. soccer boom was just going bust. The NASL had contracted from 17 to five teams. Veece ended up with a \$150-a-week job at Todd Shipyard in Long Beach and an introduction to a local German soccer club, the Hollywood Stars. "They gave me \$250 to sign," he says, "and the first game I played, we won 10-1, with me scoring five goals. It was pure Mickey Mouse. So they gave me another \$500, and I played seven more games."

But the rest of his story—almost right up to this winter—is best written quickly, because it tells of a jumbled career that

missed by just this much. Indeed, the life and times of Julie Veece are a saga of just-missed opportunities and near-collisions with fame—and of entanglements with various teams brought about by his carefree attitude toward contracts and by his simple, trusting nature. He went back to Europe a couple of times and, by the time he signed with San Diego in 1978, had played for eight teams in three countries: the Stars and the Los Angeles Hungarians, whose \$300 check bounced, Stade Rennais of France; Liège and Standard Liège of Belgium; the L.A. Aztecs and the San Jose Earthquakes of the NASL; and the New York Arrows of the Major Indoor Soccer League. It was while he was with the Aztecs, in 1975, that his professional name became Julie Veece, courtesy of L.A. General Manager John Chaffetz. Easy to spell, easy to yell. But in all cases, it's safe to report, he missed getting rich.

Ah, but Veece figures he did become, at last, a man of the world, which is just about as good, as far as he can tell. One of his early jobs, in 1970, was clearing brush at a place called the Spahn Ranch, near Los Angeles. "How was I to know," says Veece, "that it had been the headquarters of the Charles Manson family? They KILLED people. So one day I was working away when this real weirdo came riding up on a horse. He was half naked and all dirty and sweaty, and his eyes—his EYES!—were gone mad. And he spoke to me, all menacing: 'What are you doing here?' he asked me. So I didn't know just what to say, and so I said to him, 'Oh, I'm a Hungarian.' And he thought about that for a long moment, just staring at me. Finally, he sort of shrugged and turned and rode away."

Along about the same time, Veece was courting Yvette Stern, now the mom of daughters Jennifer, 10, and Katrina, 4. "I wanted so desperately to speak the language," he says. "So I would buy copies of *National Geographic* and underline the words I couldn't understand and then show them to Yvette and get her to explain them to me." He pauses for dramatic effect.

"You know what the hardest words are in the English language?" he says.

Yvette sighs and then looks up at the ceiling.

"Jagged peaks," Veece says. "JAGGED PEAKS! Vat means that, jagged peaks? I ask Yvette and she explains, but I absolutely cannot under-

continued



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stand it. So finally she draws the picture. And now I love it: what a nice, nice sound—JAGGED PEAKS!"

But that's formal English. The real gut stuff of the language, as everybody knows, comes from the comics. And Veeb is an avid collector, a genuine connoisseur. Ah, Conan the Barbarian and the Fantastic Four with Galactus and Doctor Doom. And, of course, the Silver Surfer, Sentinel of the Spaceways! For Veeb, it was love at first sight: Good old Silver Surfer has that sort of soccer-player look about him, something in the way he rides his board through the skies. Veeb has all 18 issues of *Silver Surfer* that Marvel Comics ever produced, starting with Vol. 1, No. 1 in August 1968. Collectors now estimate the value of a copy in mint condition—and Veeb's are all in terrific shape—at \$70. And you want to talk about terrific use of the English language, well, just listen to this introduction to that first issue.

High o'er the roof of the world he soars... free and unfettered as the roaring wind itself! Behold the sky-born spinner of a trillion galaxies... the restless, streaking stranger from the farthest reach of space... this glistening, gleaming seeker of truth, whom man shall call, forevermore—The Silver Surfer!

And there's more: Veeb has lined his suburban San Diego home with more than 1,000 books of all kinds—and built a special hideaway over his garage for

hundreds more comic books and vintage magazines, from *Black Mask* and *Doe Savage to LIFE* and *TIME*. In his den, one wall is lined with perhaps 350 movie-star biographies, everything from the sublime (*Good Night, Sweet Prince*, Gene Fowler's superb life of John Barrymore) to the ridiculous (*Liade: My Own Story*, by Linda Christian). Signed first editions by authors from Ezra Pound to John Updike are everywhere, and Veeb doggedly reads them all. He has only \$4,500 left to pay on an installment-plan purchase of an \$11,000 collection of signed limited editions of contemporary novels and anthologies—and no place to put them, unless he goes up another story on the house. What precious wall space now remains is taken up by Yvette's collection of Walt Disney original animation celluloids—called cels—and autographed glossies of movie stars, old and new.

With all of this, plus soccer, these days are what Veeb would call *SOME LIFE!* He's now the darling of San Diego and is, at last, attaining a measure of national celebrity. Veeb also is playing out a \$70,000, two-year, no-cut contract that expires Nov. 15. To Robert W. Bell, the ferociously dapper and dimpled president of the Sockers, "Veeb is in a class by himself on the club. He makes that extra, tricky pass when he probably shouldn't, that's true, but it's because he loves the game so much that he sometimes hates to

shoot. But he's so genuinely enthusiastic and obviously having such fun that the town has adopted him."

Bell expects to sign Veeb to a long-term deal, perhaps play him outdoors for another season and then use him exclusively indoors. Indeed, there's serious talk of the NASL's surrendering to the inevitable and moving entirely inside, possibly to one 50- or 60-game season instead of the 32-outdoor and 18-indoor schedule it has now.

Perfect for Veeb, He's the Sockers' second-leading outdoor scorer, with 85 points, but he achieved that total over four regular seasons. Outdoors he runs around a lot as an attacking midfielder, dazzling everybody with brilliant footwork while the crowd screams, "Shoot, for God's sake, shoot!"—to no avail. Last season the two top scorers in the league, Giorgio Chinaglia of the Cosmos and Karl-Heinz Granitz of Chicago, finished with 74 and 55 points, respectively. Julie Veeb had 18.

But that's precisely *not*, of course. The country's best indoor player prefers to play outdoors, he doesn't particularly want to shoot, and at times he's a burden to San Diego Coach Ron Newman. Talking to Newman can be a bit distracting. He's a retreat from England, and he always sounds as if he's doing a Michael Caine imitation. "Julie Veeb has all of the moves," says Newman. "He dribbles better than anybody, and he's got an explosive power that's his best strength. But the problem is, he'd much rather fake the goalie two or three times and then shoot it between his legs instead of taking the original easy, open shot. Sometimes he frustrates me. I can't coach him; I have to coax him."

Deep inside, Veeb understands both Newman and Bell. "I'm very emotional; the skin is very thin," he says. "A boo from the stands just kills me. Sometimes I know maybe I hold the ball too long, but it's that MAGIC—that move of the feet and the eye that makes it all happen. It's my life. I could better explain the meaning of life to you in Hungarian, because there just aren't the right words in English. But..."

"Yes, there are," says Yvette.

And Veeb blinks. "Hmmm?"

"What does life consist of?" she says.

And finally he gets it. His expressive Hungarian face suddenly glows with pleasure. "Of course!" Veeb says. "JAGGED PEAKS!"



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by Jack McCallum

Pittsburgh Pirate Scout Howie Haak has spent much of the last 25 years holding tryouts on fields that are more like cow pastures than baseball diamonds, in towns that sometimes aren't on the map, for young men whose names he often can't pronounce. Still, there have been rewards, like Julian Javier, Manny Sanguillen, Rennie Stennett and Omar Moreno, all Latin Americans Haak signed for Pittsburgh. But he thinks his biggest reward is yet to come.

"In the long run," says Haak, the Pirates' chief scout, "Tony Pena will probably be the best of all of them."

That's a mouthful. For example, Sanguillen, the most notable of Haak's other signees, was a three-time All-Star and a frequent .300 hitter during the '70s. But the 24-year-old Pena, also a catcher, has already shown that he'll perform up to Haak's high expectations. In 1981, his first full season in the majors, Pena batted .300 and fielded his position consistently, if not spectacularly. At the end of last week he was batting .333, with a league-leading nine doubles. Though he has four errors, all on his habitually hurried throws to second, his strong arm has given rise to a new scoreboard message at Pittsburgh's Three Rivers Stadium: YOU'VE BEEN PENALIZED. Lonnie Smith and Tito Landrum of St. Louis each got the message last Wednesday when they were cut down trying to steal second.

Pena arrived in Pittsburgh by way of Paloverde in the Dominican Republic. There, in his youth, he chased more pigs and goats than foul pop-ups while dreaming of playing in the majors, as did his Dominican hero, Juan Marichal.

And he has come to the Pirates in the nick of time. He is a rising star on a team of fading ones, a team that after last Sunday's games was fourth in the National League East, six games behind St. Louis. "It would be next-to-impossible for us to trade Tony," says Pete Peterson, the Pirates' executive vice-president and general manager. "He's like a Dave Parker in that respect. We just couldn't get enough for him. Certainly it would take a front-

line catcher and maybe a young pitcher who's already winning 14, 15 games. So we're not even thinking about it."

"I'd put Tony in a class with Johnny Bench when he was young," says Pirate Coach Joe Lonnett, himself a former catcher. "Of course, he doesn't have Bench's power, but he can hit for aver-

clubhouse door to batting practice. Stargell raises his voice as he says, "Except that he's so damn ugly!" Upon hearing this, Pena pops a huge chew of Red Man into his cheek and plops onto Stargell's lap, the Pirate of the Past and the Pirate of the Future passing an invisible scepter.

"You got how many brothers, three?"

continued

Pittsburgh's prize catch

Young Tony Pena is the latest in the Pirates' long line of Latin luminaries

age. And with the glove and everything else, I think he's right there with Bench." Adds St. Louis Manager Whitey Herzog, "He's going to be like Sanguillen, probably better. He and Terry Kennedy [of the Padres] are the catchers of the future, no doubt about it." And Pirate captain Willie Stargell says: "He's as good a talent as there is in the game. If I was a young exec, I'd start my team with Tony Pena."

At which point Stargell glances around and spies Pena going out the

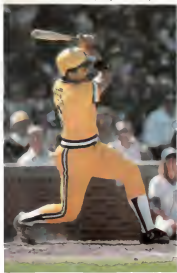


asks Stargell. "Are any of them as ugly as you?" Pena feigns thinking about it. "Yeah, one is," he says with a smile. Stargell laughs heartily. He tells Pena that he sampled some of the Presidente beer that Pena's wife, Amaris, had brought from the Dominican Republic. "Willie thinks it's the best beer in the world," Pena says later with some pride. When Stargell accepts a player, he has a secure place among the Pirates.

Haak first saw Antonio Francesco Pena during a tryout camp at Villa Vázquez, a town about 50 miles from Paloverde. "He hit a ball over the rightfield fence, the centerfield fence and the leftfield fence," says Haak. "And we timed him in 7.1 for the 50, good for a catcher. He was crude but good. We saw enough to offer him a contract."

The figure was \$4,000, but it could've been \$40,000 and it wouldn't have impressed Tony's father, Octaviano, who wasn't a baseball fan. "He didn't even know which hand the glove went on," says Tony with equal degrees of affection and amazement. Octaviano wanted his son to attend college or at least stay home and continue caring for the cattle, pigs and goats the Penas raise on their small farm. Finally, Octaviano's wife, Rosalia, intervened and Octaviano agreed to allow their son a year to try pro baseball.

A .300 hitter, Tony PENAlizes pitchers.



The father eventually extended the offer when he realized it was futile to try to keep Tony down on the farm. Tony signed the contract two days later.

Rosalía's interest in Tony's baseball playing wasn't merely that of a mother trying to help her son find a career. She pitched to Tony and his brothers. 20-year-old Ramon (a pitcher whom the Pirates signed in 1980 and released this spring), Andre, 26, and Luis, 16, when they were younger. Two brothers would be in the field, one at bat and one on deck, with Rosalía on the mound. She had been a local softball star in her own right, and Tony says earnestly, "She could play anywhere. She could do it all." Mama Pena's batting practice was about the only relief Tony and his brothers had from the drudgery of tending the livestock.

"Tony wasn't thought of as a great prospect," says Peterson, who was the Pirates' minor league director when Pena was signed. "Nobody said, 'Hey, wait'll you see this kid.'" Certainly no one said such things at Brandon, Fla. in the Gulf Coast League or Charleston, S.C. in the Carolina League where Pena, a right-handed hitter, batted a combined .214 in 1976 by swinging at bad pitches and overswinging at good ones. And the front office thought so little of his catching that first season that he was moved from left-field to first base to third base because the Pirates felt they had a better prospect in Alfredo Torres, who is still with their Class AA team in Buffalo. "There were times when I thought I wasn't going to make it," says Pena, "but then I only tried harder."

His watershed year was 1979 at Buffalo, where he hit .313 with 34 home runs, often going the opposite way to take advantage of a very short rightfield fence. Pena has never had more than nine home runs in any other season, but the batting average was no aberration. He hit .329 at Class AAA Portland the following season and .429 in eight games after the Pirates called him up in September of that year. Pena's strength is big control. As he leaned against the cage at Three Rivers Stadium before a game with the Cardinals last week he said, "In BP, I try to always hit up the middle." He then went into the cage and hit six straight balls up the middle.

Pena himself was in the middle—of a sticky situation—as a rookie in spring training last year. Ed Ott and Steve Nico-

sia, who only two seasons before had split the catching duties when the Pirates won the world series, were ahead of him. To complicate matters, he didn't speak English well, though he had taken English courses in the 1977 off-season.

Because a catcher is expected to be a team leader, Pena must work to overcome the language barrier. Sanguillen, who visited his former teammates last week in Pittsburgh, says that gaining the confidence of the pitchers and overlooking the jokes about one's unsteady English are difficult to do.

But Pena's promise couldn't be ignored and by April 1, 1981, Ott, who had been having contract hassles, was sent to California in a trade that brought Pittsburgh a much-needed first baseman, Jason Thompson. After platooning Pena and Nicotia early last season, Manager Chuck Tanner started Pena almost exclusively after the strike. If there was any question before this season as to who the Pirates' top catcher was—and Nicotia doubts it—Pena settled it by hitting .431 with two home runs and 12 RBIs in exhibition games. Those totals easily overshadowed Nicotia's best spring performance ever: .298, two and five. This followed a season of winter ball in the Dominican Republic in which Pena hit .313 and was the league's MVP.

Pena knows what he has to work on, and he spends much of his idle pregame time watching the opposition take batting practice. "Once Tony learns the hitters he'll have it all," says Pitcher John Candelaria, who sometimes speaks Spanish with Pena in their mound conferences. "I broke in with Nick and I know what kind of catcher he is. I know how he feels. But that's baseball. The reality of the situation is this: Tony is going to be our catcher and that's all there is to it."

For now and quite a while to come.

THE WEEK

(April 19-25)

by HERM WEISKOPF

AL EAST Bottom of the eighth, Kansas City ahead 2-1, Kirk Gibson at bat for Detroit (6-1) with one man on. Gibson swings and trickles the ball toward First Baseman Willie Aikens. Instead of fielding the grounder and tagging Gibson out, Aikens pulls his mitt away and the ball

rolls foul. That was the break Gibson needed to help him bust out of a 1-for-10 slump that had lowered his average to .081. Back at the plate, Gibson walloped his first home run of the season to defeat the Royals 3-2. Before the week was over, Gibson had slammed two more homers.

Can a Lemon make it in the Big Apple? Well, New York Manager Bob Lemon can't. He was fired for the second time last Sunday and replaced by General Manager Gene Michael, who had earlier replaced Dick Howser, who had replaced Billy Martin, who had replaced Lemon, who had replaced Martin who had replaced Bill Vukobratovic. Meanwhile, Detroit's Chet Lemon made himself right at home by slugging a long two-run homer. Pitcher Jack Morris made those runs stand up for a 3-1 triumph. An even sulkier bit of pitching was performed by Milt Wilcox when he defeated the Royals 8-0 on one hit. Wilcox, who severely dislocated his right index finger playing basketball last winter, says the enlarged knuckle that resulted has made his foreball easier to grip and more effective than ever. Rookie Glenn Wilson helped keep the Tigers atop the division by batting .458.

Carl Yastrzemski of the Red Sox (5-1), who tried "nine million stances" in spring training, has gone back to basically the same stance he used during his peak seasons of 1967-70. At the urging of Coach Walt Hriniak, Yaz is holding the bat high and cocked back at a 45-degree angle. Does it work? His .380 average so far indicates it does. So did his fourth and fifth homers, which helped beat Toronto 8-7 and 5-4. That gave Boston four consecutive one-run wins.

Ron Gaudry of the Yankees (3-3), who two weeks ago hurled his first complete game in 36 starts spanning three seasons, pitched his second in a row when he cooled off the White Sox 1-0 on three hits. New York hitters, who had seemed to have hung out a Gene Fishing sign, finally hooked into Steve Trout of Chicago. Trout, who had held the Yankees to one hit during the first six innings, was driven from the mound on the seventh. By pounding out 15 hits over the last three innings, New York won 11-2 and broke an eight-game Chicago victory streak. The Yankees also ended Detroit's winning string at eight with a 3-1 triumph on Sunday.

The Indians' Rick Marzetti, a left-handed batter, hit a paltry .206 against left-handed pitchers last season. So far this season he's hitting .423 against southpaws, and last week, as Cleveland went 2-4, he socked a two-run triple that beat lefty Frank Tanana and the Rangers 4-2.

Roy Howell of the Brewers (5-0) also beat the Rangers with a long drive, a two-run homer that clinched a 4-1 triumph for Pete Vuckovich, who tossed a three-hitter. While winning the first four games of the week, Milwaukee pitchers yielded a total of only 18 hits. Best of them all was Mike Caldwell, who

continued



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BASEBALL continued

defeated Toronto 7-0 on just four hits.

Not even the continued productivity of pinch hitters could untrack Toronto (11-5). So far, the batters off the bench have gone 12 for 35 (.343). But a pinch grand slam by Jesse Barfield couldn't prevent the 8-7 loss to Boston. And neither a pinch RBI single by Al Woods nor a pinch two-run double by Hosken Powell could stave off a 5-4 loss to the Red Sox.

"Humiliating" was the word used by General Manager Hank Peters to describe the Orioles' nine-game losing streak. And that total didn't include their embarrassing 6-0 loss to their Rochester farm team, Eddie Murray, who hit .412 and had seven RBIs, ended the agony by homering from both sides of the plate and driving across four runs as Baltimore (2-3) beat Chicago 7-4.

DET 11-6 BOS 9-6 MIL 8-6 CLEV 6-8
NY 6-8 TOR 5-11 BAL 4-10

AL WEST "I was just trying to deke him," said Manager Billy Gardner of the Twins (2-5) in explaining a move he made against A's Manager Billy Martin with the bases loaded, two out and Oakland leading 1-0 in the ninth inning. What Gardner did was have Jesus Vega, a right-handed hitter, take off his jacket and start swinging a bat as if he were going to pinch-hit for Kent Hrbek, a lefty. Gardner had no intention of lifting Hrbek; he merely wanted to show Vega so Martin wouldn't brag in a left-handed reliever for Rick Langford, a righty who was tiring. Martin didn't bite, but he should have. After falling behind 0-2 in the count, Hrbek cleared the bases with a double that propelled Minnesota to a 5-2 triumph. At week's end Hrbek led the majors in runs batted in with 21 and in homers with eight.

Martin used a novel tactic of his own later in the week. After the A's (2-4) had played their third 16-inning game of the season—it was 12:43 a.m. when Don Meyer singled to beat the Twins 4-3—they had to face Minnesota again in less than 12 hours. Before his weary troops took the field, Martin opened his office door and threw some 150 firecrackers into the clubhouse. "I just wanted to wake you guys up," Martin said after the smoke cleared. Apparently he did. They won 5-2.

Reliever Lamer Hoyt of Chicago (1-4) beat the Orioles, 4-2, for the third time this season. In this game it was a triple in the ninth by Jim Morrison that sealed Hoyt's win.

Brian Downing, a catcher last year and a leftfielder this season, kept the Angels (4-2) rolling with his .458 hitting for the week and his fifth, sixth and seventh homers of the season. So did Tim Lincecum, who took over at shortstop for the injured Rick Barlow. During Ken Forsch's 7-2 triumph over Oakland, Forsch made three superb fielding plays, had two hits and drove in a pair of runs. And Geoff Zahn

ran his career record for the month of April to 17-3 when he defeated the A's 4-2.

The five oldest Royals (3-3) were instrumental in three victories. Giant Jackson, 39, hurled 3½ innings of shutout relief against the Indians and was an 11-6 victor, thanks to three hits and two RBIs each by Lee May, 39, Hal McRae, 35, and Amos Otis, 35. May's homer and two doubles did in the Tribe 6-3. And Paul Splittorff, 35, beat Cleveland 5-1.

The Rangers (1-5) continued to lose at home, where they played all week and are now 2-7. However, they did stretch their errorless streak to a club-record seven games—before First Baseman Pat Putnam booted a play against Milwaukee.

Gaylord Perry of Seattle (5-2) appeared headed for a loss when the Angels took a 3-1 lead against him after two innings. By that time five Mariners had already been thrown out on the base paths. But Seattle rallied to win 6-4, and Perry wound up with a team-record 13 strikeouts in just 7½ innings and got his 298th career victory. At 43, Perry is the oldest pitcher in either league. Edwin Nunez, a 6' 5" righthanded pitcher from Puerto Rico, was the youngest, at age 18. But when Nunez was yanked after giving up six hits, four runs and three walks in 1½ innings against Minnesota, he punched a door, broke his left hand and went on the disabled list. The Mariners' Cruz-past the Twins 3-2 when Jose Cruz homered in the fourth inning and Todd Cruz connected in the seventh. Todd walloped his second consecutive game-winning homer when he finished off Minnesota 5-4 with a blast in the 11th inning.

CAL 13-5 CHB 9-4 KC 9-6 SEA 9-10
OAK 8-10 TEX 6-8 MNN 7-12

NL WEST "The chemistry seems to be there," said Billard Smith, president of the Padres (5-6). Most of the chemical reactions were created by the hitters, who were explosive. It mattered not that Juan Tynone Eichelberger gave up 11 hits, including four homers, and six runs to San Francisco; San Diego's batters retaliated with 13 runs and a club-record 24 hits. Terry Kennedy had four hits and four RBIs, and Juan Bonilla, Steve Luzzano, Broderick Perkins and Ruppert Jones got three hits apiece. Four RBIs by Luis Salazar beat the Giants again, 8-4. But could the Padres handle first-place Atlanta? Does a bear...? Luzzano drove in four runs as San Diego defeated the Braves 6-3 in 12 innings. Then the Padres beat the Braves 6-4, rookie relievers Eric Show and Luis DeLeon finishing up with two shutout innings apiece. That gave San Diego 10 straight wins, tying a team mark.

Earlier Atlanta (2-3) had extended its season-opening winning streak to 13 games, a modern major league record. Victory No. 12 was a 4-2 defeat of the Reds in which the Braves got shutout relief from Steve Bedros-

BALL PARK FIGURES

According to an SI poll, here are the pinch hitters that managers and coaches would least like to see at bat if they were protecting a one-run lead in the last of the ninth with the bases loaded and two out:

NATIONAL LEAGUE

1. Rick Monday, Los Angeles
2. Jay Johnstone, Los Angeles
3. Willie Stargill, Pittsburgh
4. Rusty Staub, New York
5. Lee Lacy, Pittsburgh

AMERICAN LEAGUE

1. Jose Morales, Baltimore
2. Terry Crowley, Baltimore
3. Bobby Murcer, New York
4. Lou Piniella, New York
5. Bill Stern, Texas

ian (4½ innings) and Gene Garber (three innings). No. 13 was a chiller in which Atlanta trailed Cincinnati 3-0 in the fifth. The Braves might well have lost 3-2, but a one-hopper to short that seemed certain to result in a game-ending double play struck Atlanta's Matt Smirnov on his right heel as he dashed from second to third. Although Smirnov was automatically out, the Braves were not; after a wild pitch and a walk, Claudell Washington stroked a single that drove in two runs and pulled Atlanta through 4-3.

Cincinnati (3-3) ended The Braves' magic 2-1 the next day. Winning Pitcher Bruce Berenyi singled in the decisive run before giving way to Tom Hume, who got the final eight outs. Hume also saved Frank Pastore's 3-2 victory in Houston and Sunday's 4-3, 10-inning win over the Astros. But the Reds, obviously not the power hitters they used to be, were last in the majors in homers with only three after 17 games.

"You don't change in the middle of a voyage," said owner John McMullen of his Astros (2-4), who were rapidly shipping water. Art Howe helped keep Houston afloat by driving in three runs in each of its victories. McMullen said he planned no changes.

The Giants (1-5) were also sinking fast in this streak-filled season. The biggest leaks were caused by the defense, which made six errors, and by the pitchers' lack of control. They allowed an average of four walks a game. San Francisco put an end to its losing ways on Sunday when Jeff Leonard hit a grand slam home run in the bottom of the eighth inning to topple Los Angeles 6-3.

Meanwhile, the Dodgers (4-2) cruised along, powered by three big guns: Ken Landreaux, who led the league with a .382 average; Ron Cey, who had four hits and four RBIs as Bob Welch beat the Giants 9-0; and Pedro Guerrero, who drove in five runs to help defeat San Francisco 7-6. Steve Garvey, however, continued to slump, his average fall-

ing to .229 as he was dropped to sixth in the batting order. Jerry Reuss was the most impressive of the pitchers, beating Houston 6-0 on one hit, a first-inning double by Howe

ATL 13-3 SD 11-4 LA 8-9
SF 6-10 CIN 6-11 HOU 6-12

NL EAST For Pitcher Ray Burris of Montreal (3-2), very good hasn't been good enough. Despite his 1.17 ERA, Burris was 0-3 following his second 1-0 loss, this one to the Mets. The night before, Montreal beat New York 5-4 when Rodney Scott singled in the last of the ninth, stole second and scored home on a bases-loaded single by Al Oliver.

It was Charlie Puleo of the Mets (3-2) who beat Burris. Puleo, Pete Falcone and Neil Allen limited the Expos to four hits but had to work out of repeated jams because of 10 walks. Allen picked up the save, his third of the week.

The sinner for the Phillies (2-3) was rookie Centerfielder Bob Dernier, whose two sparkling catches preserved Larry Christenson's 2-0 triumph over the Expos. But not even two homers, two doubles and four RBIs by Bo Diaz could avert a 7-4 loss to the strutting Cardinals (page 22). There have been two main reasons for Philadelphia's woeful start. Since Mike Schmidt went out with a pulled

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

SIXTO LEZCANO: The Padre outfielder, who was obtained from the Cardinals during the off-season, batted .571, hit two home runs and a pair of triples, drove across nine runs and scored eight times.

muscle in his rib cage on April 13, his replacements have batted .219 and made six errors in 11 games. And Steve Carlton, who has a 6.19 ERA, dropped to 0-4 for the first time in his career before beating Montreal 8-4 on Sunday. (Four other possible Hall of Fame pitchers also had hard-to-believe stats: Nolan Ryan of Houston was 0-4 with a 7.97 ERA, Tom Seaver of Cincinnati was 0-2 with an ERA of 10.38, Tommy John of the Yankees was 0-3 with a 3.43 ERA and Jim Palmer of Baltimore was 0-1 and 7.47.)

A passed ball led to one loss for the Cubs (1-4), but for the most part it was mopey pitching that brought them down. When Chicago batters produced 10 runs in one game, the pitchers yielded 12 to Pittsburgh (2-3). The Pirates overcame a 5-0 Cub advantage the next day to win 8-5, Don Robinson picking up the victory as he got three hits, which were as many as he allowed during his 6½ innings of relief work.

STL 13-4 MONT 6-5 NY 5-7
PIT 5-2 CHB 6-11 PHIL 4-11

by Dan Jenkins



January, who is 17 years younger than Snead (left), had only 13 birdies to Sam's 14.

The legend at the Legends

At 69, Sam Snead—and partner—gave the Onion Creek field gray hairs

The Legends of Golf is that event for the game's immortals that annually furnishes televised proof that it is possible to get your driver and your long irons all the way around your stomach. It's also the tournament that proves from time to time, as it did last week, that Sam Snead is the greatest golfer who never died.

Down there at the Onion Creek Club in Austin, Texas, Samuel Jackson gave us yet another hint that he's going to be around in the year 2000, winning his 5,000th trophy. Snead will be 70 years old on May 27, but he was making the better shots as he and his 52-year-old partner, Don January, won the fifth renewal of this seniors (50 or older) spectacular. They came in ahead of the other pouncers and creaking bodies competing for the richest (\$450,000) of the over-50 purses by a mere 12 strokes.

Snead's swing is a little shorter these days, but it still has that classy old look,

even if his putting style resembles something out of a carpentry manual. While the Ralph Guldahls of the tournament were striking their three-irons 130 yards, Snead was becoming the first man who can say he won a professional golf tournament in each of six decades. He started winning back in 1936, and it looks as if he's never going to stop.

When Snead was asked if he realized he had been winning golf tournaments over such a long stretch, he said, "Is that right? How long are decades nowadays?"

As January said Sunday evening, "I can't conceive of any athlete in any sport ever reaching what Sam has done. I just played three rounds of golf with a man who'll be 70 soon and he never hit a single iron that wasn't right at the pin."

Granted Onion Creek played to only 6,600 yards, and granted the oldtimers were allowed to ride in carts for three rounds of competition, and granted they

were allowed to improve their lies, even in the rough, because of the rain that shortened the event from 72 to 54 holes. Still there's no reason for a 69-year-old man to make 14 birdies himself and lead his partner to rounds of 62, 60 and 61—unless, of course, he's Sam Snead.

For the three days, Snead and January were a record 27 under par. Near is what the runners-up—the teams of Roberto de Vicenzo and Bob Goalby, Gene Littler and Bob Rosburg and Bob Toski and Chin Sei Ha—were if you want to call San Antonio near Austin. That would put them only 80 miles back, at 15 under. In brief, Snead and January led by one after the opening round, by eight after Saturday and finally by the dozen that got them \$50,000 apiece.

Precisely what Snead and January did was blend their games so perfectly that they never made a bogey while playing the par 3s in 10 under, the par 4s in nine under and the par 5s in eight under. If this proves anything, it's that seniors like shorter holes. Over the last few holes on Sunday, when Snead and January were supposedly just trying to get to the clubhouse, old Sam up and birdied the 15th and 16th. At which point January turned to him and said, "Man, how many do you want to win by, Sam?"

Replied Snead, "You never know, them folks up ahead might be cheatin'."

The first Legends in 1978 gave birth to what has since become the Senior Tour. In that initial event, regarded then as simply something quaint, the 65-year-old Snead teamed with Gardner Dickinson to win by one stroke over the Australian pair of Peter Thomson and Kel Nagle and set a pattern. Until last week's tournament, every Legends had been closely contested if not downright thrilling.

The second tournament saw one of the truly fantastic finishes in golfing annals, regardless of the players' ages. Nothing that happened anywhere on the big tour in 1979 came near equalling it. Late on the afternoon of Sunday, April 29, four old guys birdied everything but the capitol building in Austin through six sud-

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Toski finished second in legendary style.

GOLF continued

den-death playoff holes before de Vincenzo and Julius Boros finally beat Tommy Bolt and Art Wall Jr. That Legends finish did as much as anything to draw to senior golf the attention it deserved.

Bolt and Wall returned in 1980 to redeem themselves for losing that playoff, winning the Legends by two strokes over the 67-year-old Snead and his new partner, January. There were a lot of jokes that year about Snead dumping Dickinson to get himself a younger partner. "I'm just looking for someone who can putt," Snead said.

Last year's Legends came down to the final hole before the fairly young team of Littler, then 50, and Rosburg, 54, defeated the same old Australians, Thomson and Nagle, by a stroke. By then it was significant that Arnold Palmer had become a regular competitor at the Legends as well as on the senior circuit. As Rosburg was saying the other day, Palmer, who's still a big attraction wherever he goes, can almost singlehandedly keep the 50-and-over fellows employed.

Rosburg added that it may well be up

to Palmer to keep senior play vibrant over the next eight years. "We're coming up on a period where we're only going to pick up a couple of marquee names—Doug Sanders and Chi Chi Rodriguez," he said. "After that there'll be a five-year gap before anybody big [read that Jack Nicklaus and Lee Trevino] turns 50," Rosburg said.

More events like the Legends will help. For one, there's talk of a junior-senior event coming up in a year or so, one that might have a regular spot on the regular PGA tour. This would be a tournament in which the Jerry Pates and Tom Watsons would each take a 50-or-over partner for 72 holes of best-ball competition. The young chaps would do well to support such a tournament, because in case the Pates and Watsons don't realize it yet, they too will become seniors one day. The Junior-Senior Classic, or whatever it will be called, is likely to replace a stop on the PGA's calendar.

At present there are 12 official events on the PGA Senior Tour, plus five others that don't get the seal of approval. The Legends, for example, is considered unofficial for reasons that are too arcane for anyone to understand—perhaps because the tournament wasn't PGA Tour Commissioner Deane Beman's idea—but the money spends, as they say. Naturally, the youngest of the seniors are dominating the old guy circuit—your Januarys and

Relative youngster Palmer ended fifth.



your Miller Barbers, men who are still spry enough to play both tours.

Barber, 51, the indomitable Mr. X, got on the senior circuit last year in time to win the Peter Jackson Champions in Vancouver, the Sunree Seniors Classic in Melbourne, Fla. and the PGA Seniors' Championship in Miami; altogether he banked \$97,386 in what could legitimately be called a sideline. Littler and Gosliby won more seniors money than Barber did last year, but they didn't have as much in golf earnings if you count in Mr. X's earnings on the regular tour. Overall, Miller dropped his ball for a total of \$146,308, thank you very much.

A question remains in the minds of most of the older chaps about the future of their circuit. Gosliby, who has a career in broadcasting, as does Rosburg, wonders if senior golf might just be a fad. "There's a newness to it that could wear off," he says. "When it was just the Legends, it was unique. Even when it was just the Legends and a couple others, it was still unique. But now I don't know."

The essence of what senior golf is all about could be found in the Onion Creek locker room one day last week, with the paunches scattered all over the place. At one point, Jimmy Demaret, one of the fathers of the Legends, stood with four club members who had all rolled up their pants legs, comparing the scars where sections of veins had been removed for bypass operations. They were telling Demaret that bypasses were nothing to fear.

"Fellows, I'm going to do it a different way," Demaret said.

"What way is that?" he was asked.

"Go fishing and drink more beer," he said.

A while later it was George Fazio's turn. George was standing by a locker, crouching over and swinging an imaginary golf club. He was explaining how to get your swing around your stomach.

"You've got to stick out your funny as far as you can without falling on your face," Fazio said.

"Then what?" somebody asked.

"Pretend you're Porky Oliver," said Fazio.

Later on Dick Mayer was sitting at a table complaining about his eyesight. "With glasses I can see ants on the ground," he said, "but for some reason the ball looks too big to go in the hole."

At that moment Toski walked by. "Hi, Dick, you sure look good, son," Toski said. "Who's your emblem?"

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TENNIS

by Ralph Wiley

The day after getting upset in the first round of the Pacific Southwest Open in Los Angeles three weeks ago, Johan Kriek was rapping and rallying with a tall sinewy black fellow who answers to Hoops. "Once, in college, I saw Durrell Griffith leap so high to take a shot that he was practically sitting on the shoulders of the guy who was guarding him," said Hoops. Kriek, a South African and the world's No. 9 player, made a polite noise in his throat and began to hit harder. He might not—*umph!*—know a Ewing from an Erving, but he—*umph!*—certainly knew a great athlete when he—*umph!*—hit against one. Kriek's practice partner was Lawrence Barnett Hooper III, a.k.a. Chip. Hoops and, with apologies to Yannick Noah, the next Arthur Ashe. Which isn't to say that Hooper, a 23-year-old native of Sunnyvale, Calif., is the latest in a line. In fact, at 6' 6" and 210 pounds, he could be the beginning of one. If any more of his size and ability are out there ready to effloresce, tennis is sure to change a bit.

"Whoa!" shouted Kriek as a fierce Hooper backhand clipped a sideline. "That's enough, big guy. Where did you get that shot? The last time we hit, the only backhand you had was that funny little slice. Remember?"

sets. Since Philly, Hooper's victims have included Brian Gottfried, Tomas Smid and Mel Purcell, and he hasn't lost to anyone ranked worse than 37.

Hooper's calling card is a thunderous first serve that clears the net at about 135 mph. But what really makes his serving destructive is his high-kicking second delivery. "All the players comment on it," he says. As well they should. His No. 2 is a wicked bit of spun deception that opponents often have to go on toe to return.

As for the rest of his game, Hooper's prodigious wingspan makes him as difficult to pass as one might imagine, but his groundstrokes are still somewhat erratic and tentative. However, when he hits out, he gets excellent action on the ball, and shots come off his racket like mini-locomotives. But his primary strength, that serve included, is his athleticism. "Look, it's not that he's big and that's all," said Ilië Nastase after Hooper had straight-setted him in the opening round of the Pacific Southwest. "It's his athletic ability. He is, I think, a good one."

Hooper himself thinks athleticism may be more integral to tennis than to, well, any sport you care to name. "I believe you can tell how good any athlete is by watching how he moves on a tennis court," says Hoops, who took modern dance last year to improve his balance and movement. "The other sports just aren't as tough. I played them. In tennis,



Serving notice in a big way

The 6' 6" Chip Hooper has taken a giant step in the rankings, from 235 to 17.

Sure, because it wasn't too long ago. As 1982 began, Hooper was a University of Arkansas dropout with a history of eye trouble and a world ranking of 235. Now, after making the semis of two Grand Prix tournaments, he has vaulted to No. 17. His breakthrough came in January at the U.S. Pro Indoor Championships in Philadelphia, where he beat Peter Fleming, Roscoe Tanner and John Sadri to reach the final four. He then gave Jimmy Connors a scare before succumbing in four

you have to take into consideration ball, surface and opponent—all with no help."

Hooper's parents—his father, Lawrence, is a general practitioner and his mother, Wilma, is a high school guidance counselor—encouraged him to take up tennis as a child, but they never pressured him. Still, by age 12 he was ranked third nationally in his age division. The remainder of his junior career was less distinguished, and when college time rolled around, no free rides were waiting.

Hooper drifted from Calhoun (Calif.) Junior College (1976-77) to Memphis State (1977-79) to Arkansas (1979-81). His game began to come together on the last leg of his journey, thanks largely to Razorback Coach Tom Pucci. Not only did Pucci help Hooper become a two-time All-America and the top seed in the 1981 NCAA tournament, but he also pointed Hooper in the direction of Nick Bollettieri, who runs a tennis camp in Bradenton, Fla. and has helped develop several junior and professional players. Hooper, who still makes pilgrimages to Bradenton from time to time, says Bollettieri "straightened up my groundstrokes and helped me understand the importance of mental toughness." After a three-month

continued



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stint with Bolletieri last fall, it was good-by Arkansas, hello world.

Initially, Hooper's decision to quit college after his junior year didn't set well with his parents. "They're both educators [his father is on the faculty at El Camino Hospital], and they were very upset that I wasn't progressing toward a degree," he says. "But after I made All-America, they weren't so unhappy. I still don't feel the best about my lack of effort in my classes because I know I could have done much better. I'm a fairly bright individual." He is indeed. He's quite willing to display his fluency in Spanish, abstract thought and the, ah, universal language. He's a tennis player, all right.

At times, though, it has seemed that Hooper would be better off swinging a caduceus than a Prince. In February of last year he suffered a stress fracture in his left foot. The injury kept him off the court for six weeks. Then at the NCAAs in May he was leading Drew Gitlin of SMU 4-1 in the final set of a quarterfinal match when he cramped. My, did he cramp.

"Everything except my neck knotted," Hooper recalls. "They took me to the hospital, and the cramps kept up for two more hours. They had to pump everything back into me intravenously."

These trials were minor compared with Hooper's eye ailment. As a child he developed a condition called pterygium, which is an unsightly overgrowth of tissue on the cornea thought to be caused by excessive exposure to wind, dust and sunlight. Tennis, anyone? Eventually, the pterygium grew to the point where it hindered his vision, not to mention his appearance. But two operations on his eyes, one in December 1980 and another last October, seem to have eliminated the disability.

As for his being one of the few blacks playing pro tennis, Hooper is shrugging and reflective. "The computer doesn't judge according to who's Italian or Indian or whatever," he says. "And people have been pretty genuine. If I ever have the chance to help other black players, it's only fair that I do so. I don't know if I'll inspire other blacks to play, but I might inspire bigger athletes. Imagine what a 6' 9" Magic Johnson-type could do on a tennis court."

Right now a lot of pros are finding the play of a 6' 6" Hooper-type mind-boggling enough.

END

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The big story?

Joe Piscopo.

Sportscaster.

Saturday Night Live.

Style?

Staccato.

Decibels?

Many.

Deep? Profound?

Forget it.

Household name?

Only in some very strange households.

Around midnight on most Saturday nights, those households are tuned to NBC, waiting for Brian Doyle-Murray to introduce the sportscaster on the Newsbreak segment of *Saturday Night Live*. The cheers and laughter from the studio audience start even before the sportscaster gets a chance to yell, "Thanks, Bri. Hello again, everybody. Joe Piscopo. Live. *Saturday Night Sports*. The big story?..."

After which, Piscopo lays waste to baseball, football, Muhammad Ali and—

sometimes he goes too far—*Sports Illustrated*. And he puts them on one word at a time.

Viewers see Warner Wolf, Marv Albert, Howard Cosell, Keith Jackson, everyone but Chris Economaki, in Piscopo. But none of those guys is half as entertaining—or half as perceptive, for that matter. "I get to say what everybody really wants to say," says Piscopo the person. After trying to explain the baseball play-off situation on a show last fall, Piscopo the sportscaster said, "Who wins? Who knows? Who cares?"

Piscopo the boy grew up in New Jersey, the birthplace of jokes about New Jersey. His father was a baseball-loving attorney, and, says Piscopo, "I had a sickeningly terrific childhood." So much for one theory about where comedians come from. He broke into show biz at a grade school function to which Moose Skowron, then the New York Yankees' first baseman, had been invited. "We had this little sing-along," says Piscopo, "and I re-

member handing my sheet music to Moose, who didn't seem to know the words. I believe the song was *I've Been Working on the Railroad*."

Piscopo the teen-ager was a good baseball player—first baseman and pitcher in junior high—and in high school discovered acting. He was good enough to win a Lincoln Center-sponsored student-actor competition. The prize was an all-expenses-paid trip across the Hudson to New York City to see Lee J. Cobb in *King Lear*.

Soon thereafter Piscopo enrolled at something called Jones College—"You've heard of Smith, well, this is Jones," he says—in Jacksonville. He was soon on the air, working for three radio stations in the Jacksonville area. He spun Mantovani records for dentists' offices, and he read the news and sports—straight. He realized radio wasn't for him when one morning he put a classical music tape on backward and didn't discover what he'd done until an hour later when the station manager called.

After he worked the dinner-theater circuit in the South and Northeast, playing minor roles in productions of plays like *South Pacific* and *Butterflies Are Free*, New York City called—and then put him on hold. Six nights a week for 4½ years he worked for laughs only as a stand-up comedian. When *Saturday Night Live* tried to regroup in 1980, after the loss of Gilda Radner, the late John Belushi et al., Piscopo was chosen for the cast. That season the show was an unqualified disaster—the only thing grimmer than the humor was the ratings—but it did mark the first appearance of Joe Piscopo the sportscaster. He was conceived by Piscopo the comedian and Barry Blaustein, an SNL writer. They wanted to parody announcers shoving all the sports news into three minutes of air time. Verbs? Prepositions? Needless.

When Dick Ebersol, a former Roone Arledge whiz kid at ABC Sports, became the producer of SNL last year, the only cast members he retained were Piscopo and Eddie Murphy. The two combined

by Steve Wulf

The big story? Joe Piscopo

Sportscaster. "Saturday Night Live." Outrageous. Irreverent. Hilarious.



continued

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on a classic piece on Dec. 12, the day after Ali had lost to Trevor Berbick. Said Piscopo, "The big story? Muhammad Ali. Last night. Fight. Drama. Bhamma. Lost." Piscopo next introduced supposedly 20-year-old black-and-white footage of himself interviewing Cassius Clay, played by Murphy. "The big story? Clay. Cassius. Mouth. Big. Fight. Listen. What's the story, Cassius?" Murphy then launched into an uncanny imitation of Clay, promising to retire from the ring in five years "healthy, happy, rich and pretty. I'm the greatest fighter of all time." Back in the studio, Piscopo introduced Murphy/Ali, his face swollen, who pathetically mumbled his answers. Piscopo, cutting off Ali's singing of *Old McDonald Had a Farm*, said, "Well, there you have it. Ali. Confused. Career. Over? Brain cells? Few."

On a February show, Piscopo feigned outrage, saying, "The big story? Magazines. What the hell is going on? Let's take a look." After showing the bathing suit issues of *Inside Sports* and *SI*, he yelled, "Journalism? Sports? Flesh." He ended the segment naked onstage.

Three weeks ago Piscopo didn't need to speak to convey the big story. He just appeared with icicles hanging from his nose, and these words were flashed on the screen as he shivered uncontrollably: BASEBALL. APRIL. COLO. I FROZE MY — OFF. BACK TO YOU, BRIAN. A few words are worth thousands of pictures.

Piscopo the person is just a regular funny guy who lives in suburban New Jersey with his wife, Nancy, and their 3-year-old son, Joey. "Honey! Home. Dinner? Hungry." He's also a softball jock who counts meeting Phil Rizzuto among his biggest thrills.

The sportscaster is Piscopo's best-known character, but he also does Ronald Reagan, Tom Snyder, Dan Rather, Ted Koppel, Andy Rooney and a sensational Frank Sinatra on *SNL*. "It's fun to become somebody," he says, "because basically I'm not a very secure person." Part of his insecurity stems from the fact that his NBC biography lists him as 5' 1", which is about a foot short of the truth. "One writer did a story without seeing me and called me diminutive," he says. Actually, he's getting bigger all the time, if the ratings are any indication.

Joe Piscopo.

Sportscaster.

Saturday Night Live.

Funny.

END

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HE WON'T CLEAN UP HIS ACT

His opponents sure wish he would, but the Islanders' truculent Billy Smith, the NHL's premier playoff goalkeeper, says no soap

BY E. M. SWIFT



CONTINUED

BILLY SMITH

continued

It was St. Patrick's Day in Denver. Lot of Irishmen in that town, lot of red faces, but none redder than that of the man standing at the London House bar drinking his beer on the rocks. Billy Smith had played goal that night for the New York Islanders in a 5-2 win over the Colorado Rockies, and while that portion of Smith's face not covered by his full, brown beard is always a glowing pink, after a hockey game and some libation it blooms like a rose. He was talking with Glenn (Chico) Resch about the old days. Smith and Resch shared the Islander goaltending duties for nearly eight seasons as New York grew from a struggling expansion club to Stanley Cup champion. Then on March 10, 1981 Resch was traded to the Rockies, now the worst



Smith will do whatever is necessary to keep the puck out of his net, including shoving, tripping, raving to the boards and giving up his body.



team in hockey, to make room for Rollie Melanson, a hot young prospect.

"There are no surprises in hockey," says Smith. "We knew it was coming, just like I know that in three or four years, I'll be gone. I'll be great trade bait just like Chico was." The Islanders dealt Resch instead of Smith because they had

determined that Smith was the best playoff goalie in the NHL. A money goalie. The record proves it: 52 wins and 21 losses in postseason play, a 2.77 playoff goals-against average, two Stanley Cups. This year he has been outstanding again. On Friday night Smith was the difference as the Islanders rolled into the semifinals

by eliminating the New York Rangers in six games. While Smith played every game for the Islanders, the Rangers tried three different goalies. Says Islander General Manager Bill Torrey, "When I want to win a hockey game or walk down a dark alley, I know where Smitty will be. He'll be there."

Unfortunately, hockey and dark alleys have gone together since the legendary Conn Smythe, the man who built Toronto's Maple Leaf Gardens in 1931, declared, "If you can't beat them in the alley, you can't beat them on the ice." Smith is a throwback to that era. "I'm a dying breed," he says. "Not too many guys play like I do anymore. My motto is: 'You live by the sword and you die by it.' And I'm willing to die by it. I've already told my wife that my career is going to end when, sooner or later, somebody gets through to me. But before then a lot of guys are going to fall."

"The list of those who have fallen at the hands—or, more accurately, at the

stick—of Smith is already substantial. And he's only 31. He has four or five years of his goaltending prime still ahead of him. When *Plutarch* wrote, "When men are arrived at the goal, they should not turn back," he obviously hadn't foreseen the emergence of Smith. Listen for starters to a 168-pound forward for the Montreal Canadiens named Rejean

cushion on the butt-end. But, as Houle points out, Smith used to start his tape several inches down the handle to leave the top exposed. Smith claims beginning the tape low helped him handle the puck, though he wasn't unaware of the other benefits. "This is a game of intimidation," says Smith, who's 5'10", 195 pounds. "So I said to myself, 'Why play it

down?' Guys were skating around going, 'Look at that butt-end of his.' Everyone was scared of it. When you're intimidating—and I'm an intimidating person—why change? It got lots of reactions, and when you hit somebody with an untaped butt-end, it hurt a lot more." (Because of Smith, all NHL goalies now must tape the butt-end of their sticks.)

Such candor is vintage Smith. "They ask me about my violence, and I tell them," he says. "I see guys who spank people—Bobby Clarke, for instance—and then they'll turn around and say, 'I didn't do it.' That's a joke. It's so obvious on television. I'm the type of person who says, 'Yeah, I did it,' when I do something, and I get static because of it. But I don't lie."

"His honesty makes him so vulnerable," said Resch on St. Patrick's Day. Smith listened. The two share a genuine affection for each other, but except for the position they play, they're opposites. Resch is a college graduate, loquacious, friendly and about as violent as a spaniel. Smith never went to college, is abrupt, and for good reason is nicknamed *Batlin* Billy. "The only way Smitty can survive is by being honest," Resch said. "Otherwise too much would fester underneath the surface. My only fear is that

continued



Houle, who had a run-in with Smith two years ago. "The puck was shot from one point and went straight out to the other point," recalls Houle. "I went behind the net, and when I came out the other side, his [Smith's] stick was ready for me. It was intentional. He had three or four inches of it not taped. In fact, they changed the rule because of him. He took my skin away from my face. I had about 30 stitches, most of them in my chin."

Houle is describing a "butt-end," the tactic of hitting someone with the top end of a hockey stick. Except for the "spear," which is stabbing a player with the blade of a stick, the butt-end is probably the most vicious act in the game. Most netminders have always covered the butt-end of their sticks with multiple wrappings of tape. The tape makes it easier to grip the stick and, in effect, puts a



BILLY SMITH

continued



Smith is the most penalized NHL goalie ever.

if he really hurts someone, he'll be crucified. All that stick stuff tends to take away from his real talent. He's one of the best angles goalies in the league. Smitty's play in goal is going to be overshadowed by all this."

"Chico will talk to a wall if it lets him," said Smith.

"He's not as tough as he thinks he is," said Resch. He looked at Smith. "Like, you cry at some moves."

"Only when the bad guy gets shot," said Smith, smiling.

"What's your favorite movie?"

Smith answered without hesitation, "Dirty Harry." They laughed.

Finally Resch said, "Sport can be idealized or you can be brutally realistic about it. You have got to decide how you want to play. Smitty has. He's the epitome of what pro sport is all about—win at all costs. Only five percent of the people will go to the limit that Smitty goes to." Then: "All that about idealism is total hypocrisy."

Goalies have long been a misunderstood lot. They play one of the most demanding positions in sports, psychologically punishing and physically painful. The pain is

one-sided: Goaltenders don't hurt a puck; the puck hurts them. The fear of humiliation is great, and few feelings can compare with the millisecond of terror a goalie experiences when an errant shot comes hurtling through space at his head, the crushing blow as it strikes the mask, the immediate blackness. Hall of Fame Goalie Jacques Plante, the inventor of the modern-day face mask, once said, "You can't be a goalkeeper and be afraid to get hit in the face. But you can't be a human being and not think about it."

In the past five years two goalies, Gerry Desjardins and Bernie Parent, have had their careers shortened by eye injuries. Hall-of-Famer Glenn Hall has described goaltending as "60 minutes of hell." Hall used to sit before his locker on game nights, pale as death, holding a towel to his mouth, burping up vomit. Night after night over an 18-year career with Detroit, Chicago and St. Louis, Former Bruins netminder Eddie Johnston, now coach of Pittsburgh, was once struck on the temple in a pregame warmup by a shot off Bobby Orr's stick. Johnston was taken to a hospital, where doctors discovered a blood clot on his brain. He lost nearly 40 pounds in three days and experienced memory lapses for more than a month.

The pressures of the position stay with a goaltender. He can't help but take them home. Roger Crozier developed ulcers at 17. Plante was known as a hypochondriac, constantly complaining of skin rashes, migraines and sinus problems—all of which he blamed on the strain of tending goal. A goalie named Wilf Cude, who played for four NHL teams from 1930 to 1941, was having a steak one night when his wife made an innocuous comment about a hockey game. In at least one version of the story, the red light of the stove flashed on as she was talking, and something in Cude snapped. He picked up the steak and fired it at his wife. He missed, and before the meat had slithered down the wall, Cude had decided to retire.

Suffice it to say that hockey fans have come to expect peculiar behavior from goaltenders. It goes with the turf. In a recent *Playboy* magazine interview, the comedian George Carlin said, "There are two types of people: One strives to control his environment; the other strives not to let his environment control him." Goalies are almost exclusively the latter. As puck and players whirl about the rink,

the goaltender is an observer, trying to keep control of his faculties for the moment when he will have to react to a shot. In fact, almost every action a goalkeeper takes is a reaction to something over which he has no control. He's constantly on the defensive, and even when he has the opportunity to pass the puck, his purpose is more often to get it out of his territory than to initiate an offensive rush.

The position seems to demand a humble, fatalistic temperament, perhaps because the scoreboard keeps such relentless track of a goalie's errors: one . . . two . . . three . . . There's always something the goaltender could have done differently. And if there isn't, if he has done everything right and the puck has still eluded him, well, what could be more humbling than that? When his club falls behind, four . . . five . . . six . . . all a goalie can do is hope his teammates will bail him out. Most often that's like waiting for Godot.

Not Smith. He's that other type of person, who strives to control his environment. He may react to pucks, but he also acts upon opposing forwards like a bar-room bouncer. Smith's 281 career penalty minutes are an NHL record for goalies, and he shows no signs of mellowing with age. "He's meaner than ever, but he controls his anger better these days," says Islander Captain Denis Potvin. Fittingly, Smith is the only goaltender ever to score a goal in the NHL. It happened against Colorado in 1979, after the Rockies had pulled their goalie. Smith made a save, and a Colorado player passed the rebound blindly back to his defense. The puck slid all the way down the ice into the empty net, and because Smith was the last Islander to touch the puck, he was credited with the goal.

Smith had nearly scored two years earlier against Colorado, but that time matters ended in disaster. The Rockies, trailing 3-2, pulled their goalie in the closing seconds of a game. Smith made a save, but this time he was the first player to the loose puck. "He saw that empty net and fired the puck looking for history," recalls Torrey. "But Paul Gardner knocked it out of the air and put it in the net. Smitty had vacated, tying the game. Smitty wasn't fired, but he sure got his butt chewed for that."

Smith simply refuses to play defensively. Nor is he humble or fatalistic. Asked if any other position in sport is

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BILLY SMITH

continued

similar to that of goaltender, Smith answers quarterback. He's at the center. The action revolves around him, and he has as much to say about the pace of a game as any player on the ice. "We had one game in Los Angeles when Bryan Trottier was tackled—literally tackled—behind the net," says Smith. "He got up and told the ref to get onto the damn game, and the guy gave Trottier an unsportsmanlike-conduct penalty. Los Angeles scored while we were shorthanded, so Bobby Bourne skated by the ref and said, 'Way to go, homer.' The ref gave Bourne an unsportsmanlike conduct. We were behind, so I went up to the ref and said, 'O.K., we've lost the game; it's over as far as I'm concerned. You've cost me a hockey game, and I'm going to make you pay.' So when [Dave] Taylor went through my crease, I butt-ended him and then I tried to start a riot."

"He nailed me right in the solar plexus," says Taylor. "I was laid out a couple of minutes. I was pretty stunned."

The list of players Smith has antagonized over the years reads like a Who's Who of hockey tough guys: Dave Semenko, Dave (Tiger) Williams, Larry Robinson, Terry O'Reilly, Paul Holmgren, Lindy Ruff. "He's not prejudiced," says Philadelphia's Holmgren, who re-

ceived five stitches in his chin last season courtesy of Smith. "He'll whack at anybody who goes into his territory."

"When I first came into the league we went at it every game," says Williams, who started his career in Toronto before being traded to Vancouver. "I had a stick swinging light with him one time—I've still got a picture of it hanging on my wall. The thing about Billy is that he doesn't make any attempt to hide the fact that he's hitting you. He just clubs you. But he only does it when his team is either way ahead or losing. He picks his spots and doesn't get burned by a penalty at the wrong time very often."

Smith recalls the Williams incident well. "Tiger almost broke my neck that night," he says. "I whacked him around the ankles, and he swung his stick baseball-bat style as hard as he could. I put my head down, but he caught me right behind the ear and shoved my head all the way across to my other shoulder. My neck was stiff for about three days, but I held no grudge against Tiger. I laughed. Today we have sort of an unspoken agreement to give each other a little extra room."

Ordinarily, if an opponent slashes at a goaltender—never mind nearly decapitates him—the goalie's entire team rush-

es to his defense. Not so with Smith and the Islanders. "I have a standing agreement with my guys that if I start something, I handle it," he says. "I don't want them coming in. Why should one of our valuable guys risk getting thrown out of the game when they know that three-quarters of the time I instigate the incident? If you're going to play dirty, if you're going to hit a Holmgren, you're going to have to drop your gloves and be a man. If he's going to pound you, let him pound you. I feel I'm a pretty good fighter, and I enjoy it. If I have time, I'll take my helmet off. When he was with Toronto, Lanny McDonald gave me time one night, and I took my helmet off for him."

That wasn't one of Smith's smarter moves, according to Williams, who was with the Maple Leafs when Smith and McDonald squared off. "It was one of the few fights Lanny had that year," says Williams, "and he landed some good shots. Smith said after the game his mistake was taking off his mask."

The territory Smith unapologetically defends is the crease, that four-by-eight-foot section in front of the net that is the exclusive domain of the goaltender until the puck enters the arca. Anything or anyone that a goalie can belt with his stick while he's within it is, according to Smith's way of looking at things, fair game. "I will never take two steps out of my net to hit anybody," says Smith. "Unless I can just reach out and do it comfortably, then I'm not going to do it. But if a guy is coming right in front of me, I'll give it to him. I have to."

Or if a guy's coming around in back of Smith, as Wayne Gretzky learned earlier this season. The Islanders were trailing Edmonton 3-1 when Gretzky circled behind the New York net to make a play. "I never let anybody come out from behind my net," says Smith. "It's a major asset of mine." To protect his rear, he swings his stick in a low arc around one side of the net and behind it with such force that the stick has been known to knock an opponent's stick from his hands. Smith works on this move in practice, as Trottier can attest, and has strengthened his right hand by practicing with a specially made, extra-heavy goalie stick.

Smith's stick struck Gretzky between the left thighpad and the thighpad, and Gretzky crumpled. After trying to skate a couple of more shifts, he was forced to leave the game, and the Islanders came



Smith's message to his family—Cory, Debbie, Chad—regarding sports: "Do as I say, not as I do."

Many happy
returns.



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4 Years Old. Imported in Bottle from Canada by Miram Walker Imports Inc., Detroit, Mich. 85.5 Proof. Blended Canadian Whisky. © 1982

BILLY SMITH

continued

back to win 4-3. The predictable furor that followed has given Smith no pause. "The only thing I hate about Wayne is he's getting to be too much of a crybaby," Smith says. "Take your lumps and accept them. I got a lot of aggravation from the league and bad press because of that incident. It's not like I went for his guts or his head. I just threw my stick behind the net and he took a dive. I'll tell you one thing right now—the next time I hit him it won't be a dive."

Why does Smith do it? He says he's merely trying to do his job, trying to keep the puck out of the net. To a man, NHL coaches are devotees of Plutarch: "When men are arrived at the goal, they should not turn back." Smith estimates that 30% of the goals scored in the NHL are screen shots, and another 40% are tipped in from directly in front of the net. He says unless the puck is in the corner, a goalie should never back into his net farther than the outside edge of the crease, so if an opponent stands with his skates inches


outside the crease, contact is inevitable. And the slightest bump can knock the goalie off-balance.

"Montreal and Philadelphia are the worst at interfering," says Smith. "And Buffalo. All of Scotty Bowman's teams do it. One time I hit Larry Robinson of Montreal in the face with my stick. He'd gone by me as a shot was coming on a power play and speared my pads. You see, that's all legal to them. 'I didn't hurt you,' Robinson said. 'All I did was hit your pad.' Meanwhile your foot goes back, you're off-balance and you can't do anything. They feel that's O.K. I feel my butt-ends is O.K."

Smith is not making this up. All goal-tenders experience constant interference, though few can do much about it. Says Quebec Goalie Dan Bouchard, "Some nights I try to be more aggressive, but I find it very difficult to watch the play, the puck and the other team all at the same time. If Smith can do it all, good for him."

Adds Resch, "Smitty has this idea that to play well he has got to go outside the limits of playing goal. The last time we played the Islanders one of our guys, Bobby MacMillan, broke in alone on him. Smitty came out and checked him with a shoulder. I mean he stood MacMillan up. No one had ever seen anything like it—it was like everyone had missed a beat out there. You could see MacMillan give Smitty a look like, 'Why can't you just play goal?' Really, no one had ever seen anything like it. Some of the guys on our bench started yelling, 'Shoot the puck at Smith's head.' I was saying, 'What are you, crazy? He's got a mask on. Shoot it by him.' Physical intimidation by a goaltender? That's bizarre. That's coming from a different zone."

The bottom line—whether it's despite of or because of his combative style—is that Smith is a winner. Indeed, no goaltender had as good a regular season. He led the NHL in wins with 32 in 46 games,



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and his goals-against average was 2.97, third-best in the league. Says Buffalo's Bowman, who has coached Hall, Plante and Ken Dryden, "The most important thing about a goalie is how the team plays in front of him. If the Islanders are battling, they're so much harder to beat, and a lot of times Smith will start something in the third or fourth minute of a game just to get them going. He definitely arouses his team. If he were more placid, the Islanders wouldn't be as effective."

The "book" on Smith—where to shoot on him—is pretty confusing. Buffalo says to aim low to his glove side; Los Angeles says to go high to his glove side; Montreal says to shoot low, either side; St. Louis says to shoot high. Houle says, "Smith makes saves and tries to hit you with his glove at the same time." Obviously, Houle is still very bitter. Some teams, particularly Philadelphia and Boston, attempt to distract Smith by bumping him in an effort to make him angry, while others believe this play only im-

proves his concentration. Smith agrees.

Fact is, Smith has no exploitable weakness, and he has different styles for different teams. "Some teams you protect low, some you protect high," he says. "You have to do that. Chico and I are the only goalies in the league who can change our styles."

Says Resch, who probably knows his old partner's techniques better than anyone, "I try to give our guys some tips on how to beat Smitty, but the way he'll play depends on what mood he's in that night. What makes Gretzky so great? He's unpredictable. That's what makes Smitty a great goalie."

And maybe the best rule when playing against him is to keep your head up.

Smith grew up in Perth, Ontario, a town of about 5,000 that didn't have an indoor hockey rink—at least not one that wasn't condemned. His father, Joe, who died of cancer six years ago, had come over from Belfast as a 16-year-old. Joe worked for

the Canadian Pacific Railway and painted houses in his free time to buy his three sons hockey equipment. William, as Smith is called by his family, was the youngest of the children (he has one sister), and in the great tradition of Canadian families, he was coaxed into the nets by his older brothers, Gordie, now 32, and Jack, now 36. Gordie played six years in the NHL as a defenseman for Washington and Winnipeg.

Joe coached the boys until they were 14. He flooded the backyard and strung up lights so they could play after dark. If it snowed during the night, he would shovel the rink before going to work. "My father was a typical Irishman," says Smith. "He always said, 'If you can't stand somebody and he's hanging around, tell him right to his face. Don't say it behind his back.' The town youth teams he coached made the all-Ontario tournament so many times it would make your head spin, and you know why? He had kids playing for him that nobody else would even go near.

continued

A black and white advertisement for Wilson tennis rackets. The background is a solid dark color. In the center, a hand is shown holding a Wilson racket. To the left, another racket is partially visible. The text is arranged as follows:

- Top left: **WILSON TEMPEST 110**
- Top right: **WILSON STING**
- Bottom center: **Wilson** (in script font) above **LARGE HEADS** (in large, bold, block letters).
- Bottom right: **BETTER IN A BIG WAY.** (in bold, block letters, slanted upwards).



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BILLY SMITH

continued

because they were supposedly problem kids. But they loved my dad. He used to go up to the older kids in town and say, 'You're going to be nothing but a bum if you don't smarten up.' If anybody else had said that to them, they would've pounded the hell out of him, but they all respected my father."

When Billy turned 14 he began playing for the nearby Smith Falls junior team. For three years he was a backup and rarely got into a game. In his last season of junior hockey, 1969-70, he performed for the Cornwall (Ontario) Royals, and then he was drafted by the L.A. Kings, who offered him a \$7,000 contract and a \$2,000 signing bonus. That was in 1970. "I'd heard about all these other guys making a lot of money," says Smith, "so I called up my dad and asked him if I should try to get some more. He said, 'What do you mean, more? What have you done? You haven't proved yourself. You take what they offer you and you play and prove yourself.' I made \$10,000 the next year. I have the worst luck negotiating contracts."

The Kings sent Smith to the Springfield Indians, and he led them to the AHL championship. The next season he again played at Springfield, though Los Angeles brought him up for the last two months of the schedule. In one of the five games he played, he got into a fight, attracting the attention of Torrey, who was putting together the expansion Islanders of 1972. "He was playing against the Canadiens, and the Kings were losing about 8-1," recalls Torrey. "Even with eight goals in his net, he was playing like it was the last game of the Stanley Cup. He was a battler even then, and that's an ingredient that can have very positive effects. When you looked at comparative statistics, the best minor league goalie at that time was Dan Bouchard. But I had a friend who said that, even though Bouchard was better mechanically, he wasn't the team man Smith was. So we preferred Smith."

The Islanders needed only three seasons to become a win-

ning club, and by 1978-79 New York had posed Montreal as the premier team in the NHL in the regular season. In the playoffs, however, the Islanders were known as chokers, having never advanced past the semifinals. In 1978 they lost to a clearly inferior Toronto team in the quarterfinals, and disaster struck again in 1979, when the hated Rangers humiliated the Islanders in the semis.

"The reason we lost to Toronto was we weren't willing to get hurt to win," says Smith. "Too many guys on our team weren't willing to sacrifice. Same thing happened against the Rangers." Smith played only 2½ periods in the Maple Leaf series. Against the Rangers he won two of the three games he started.

"The next year I heard [Boston's] Gerry Cheevers say he was a money goaltender," says Smith, "and I thought, 'I'm as much a money goaltender as he is.' So I came out and said it: 'I play when it counts.' The pressure of playing in the playoffs is bad enough, but I came out

and put my name on the line and said 'Hey, I'm not going to be the one to screw up; I'm going to give you great hockey, and all I want you guys to do is work for me.'"

In the 1980 playoffs the Islanders played Smith ahead of Resch, and New York defeated Los Angeles, Boston, Buffalo and Philadelphia en route to its first Stanley Cup. Smith was spectacular throughout, and the Islanders showed the combativeness they had lacked in their previous postseason appearances.

"Trotter and Smitty were our two key players in the first Stanley Cup," says Torrey. "Goalkeeping was a major factor that year. Last season when we won again, Smitty wasn't as indispensable, but he was always there, and the players had confidence that he would be there when they were off their game. He could carry the team until it got back on the right track."

You never really know how valuable a particular goalie is to a championship team until he's missing. Bowman sees a parallel between Smith and Dryden, who backstopped Montreal to six Stanley Cups in his eight playoffs. "Dryden never got the acclaim he should have, but it really built the confidence of a coach having a goalie like that," says Bowman. "He could sense when the club was having an off night, and he seemed to play harder at those times."

In the three years since Dryden's retirement, the Canadiens and the Islanders both have amassed 319 points in regular season play, tops in the NHL. However, Montreal has yet to advance beyond the second round in the playoffs, while the Islanders, who have two consecutive Stanley Cups under their belt and are the favorites now to win a third, are viewed as the dominant team in the league. "When clubs are that close over that long a time," says Bowman, "the difference comes from goaltending in the playoffs. That Islanders team is just more confident when Smith is in the net."

Bowman had a chance to view Smith's skills firsthand last



Because of Smith, goalies must wrap butt ends, as at left, not right

continued

BILLY SMITH

continued

summer as coach of Team Canada during the Canada Cup series. He came away from the experience with renewed admiration for Islander Coach Al Arbour. "Scotty told someone that Al and I deserved a medal for dealing with Smitty all year long," says Torrey. Smith, who had just opened the Billy Smith Employment Agency in Melville, N.Y., wasn't wild about the idea of playing in the Canada Cup in the first place, especially when he wasn't guaranteed a starting spot—that would go to St. Louis' Mike Liut, everyone's first-team All-Star goaltender in the NHL last year. Smith hates to practice. Can't stand it. And the Team Canada training camp opened more than a month before the Islander camp. But Torrey was an adviser to Team Canada, and he talked Smith into attending.

"It was a no-win situation for me," says Smith. "If I didn't go, I'd get cut up in the press. If I went, I knew I wouldn't play. I'm the type of guy who's got to be pampered. I've got to know that you've either put your money on me or you haven't. I'm not a practice goaltender. But I went, and let me tell you, I raised a lot of gray hairs on some guys."

Smith has an acute fear of getting in-

jured in practice. One of the drills Team Canada used had forwards cutting in front of the net and backhanding shots toward the top corner of the goal. Smith took one look at this drill and said, "Yeah, fine." He stood against a goalpost, with his stick glove covering his groin and his catching glove over his face and wouldn't move. "Assistant Coach Red Berenson came up to me and said, 'My God, what are you doing?'" recalls Smith. "I told him, 'This drill is no damn good. Have you ever played nets?'" He said, "No." And I said, "Well, I do. I know what I'm talking about, this drill is useless." And that was that. Smith refused to participate. He started hiding in the whirlpool when the team went for its daily run, and if someone discovered him, he'd moan about a sore back.

"At the Team Canada camp everybody was working hard," says Potvin, one of six Islanders on the squad, "but Smitty didn't work on or off the ice. People would ask us, 'Is he always like that?' and Clarke [Gillies] would say, 'No, he's usually worse.' It wouldn't have been fair to Liut, who also had a great year, if they'd played Smitty in the games, but knowing what I know, I would have chosen Smitty. I don't think

the Europeans have ever seen anybody like him. It is completely different when somebody breaks away against Liut and when somebody breaks away against Smitty. With Smitty, the puck may go into the net, but that player may never want to break away again."

Smith's worst fears about practicing were confirmed when he broke the middle finger on his left hand in a workout during the Canada Cup series. Mike Bossy, his Islander teammate, slapped a puck rolling near the cage, and it shot up at Smith's head. Smith threw his glove up to deflect the puck, and it struck the back of his hand. "It was a dumb, dumb thing that Bossy did," says Smith,

"I have great reflexes, but there's no way in a million years I can move when he's that close. I said to him, 'Where's your head?' What the skaters don't realize is that if I get hit high in practice, the next day I'm automatically going to pull up in the game. There's no way I can stop it, because they have put the fear in me. I can't shake it. When I first came up and guys did that, I speared them. I've dropped gloves with teammates several times. I hit Potvin once and almost put him out. Al finally said, 'You've got to stop it.' But they were trying to hurt me, so I was going to hurt them."

Smith doesn't distinguish between deliberate and accidental injury. Injury is injury. If you're a professional, either you can play or you can't. "He sees things in black and white," says Resch. "There are no grays. It's like he's got blunders on, and in pro sports that works."

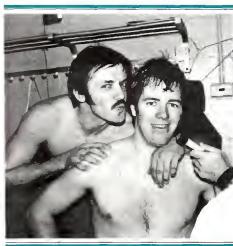
One aspect of hockey that definitely falls into the black category for Smith is off-ice conditioning. One year Arbour asked him to ride a stationary bicycle at the start of training camp. He did so, and returned the next day stiff and sore. "I told Al, 'Do you want a hockey player or a bicyclist?'" says Smith. "If you want a bicyclist, I'll ride that thing into the ground. If you want a hockey player, I won't get on it again." He didn't.

Another team Arbour wanted his goalies, Smith and Resch, to lift weights and play soccer with the rest of the team instead of playing tennis to work on their hand-eye coordination. "Al was trying to be nice about it, saying we could play tomorrow if we'd just go along with him that once," says Resch. "Smitty's voice started to crack and his legs began shaking—that's when you can really tell he's mad—and I swear Al was physically intimidated. 'All right, all right, go play tennis,' he told us."

Says Potvin, "You don't handle Smitty. You give him enough room and try to put a corral around him."

Off the ice, however, Smith is anything but a mad dog. He has not, as yet, fired a T-bone at his wife, Debbie, or butt-ended either of his two boys, Chad, 6, or Corey, 5. He's a good, attentive father and husband who can leave behind the pressures of his position as well as any goaltender can. On game days he likes to keep to himself, sleeping most of the time and making as few decisions as possible, right down to what clothes to

continued



Until March of 1981 Resch and Smith shared the Islanders' net



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BILLY SMITH

continued

wear, which he leaves to Debbie's discretion. Occasionally, he'll take in a war movie to get in the mood for hockey, but as a rule he won't watch television the day of a game. "You can't go to the rink and play mean if you're laughing and joking before," says Smith. "But I'm better than I used to be. Now on a game day, I can talk to Debbie, even straighten out the kids if they're doing something wrong. Before I couldn't do that."

One matter Smith is straightening his boys out on is the notion of getting into the goal. "I won't allow my kids to play it," he says. "Chad is always trying to get into the net in ball hockey or whatever. I tell him to get out of there, because I know what I have to go through. Because of the pressure. It tears your guts apart in the playoffs."

Smith arrives at the rink on game days in a near trance. He doesn't talk to teammates, and during the warmups he just hopes some fool doesn't blast one at his noggins. He saves all his energy for the game. Afterward it's time to quaff lager, win or lose. "The league's dying," he says. "All the partys are gone."

Two years ago Smith ran into the Oilers' Semenko in a Long Island bar. In the game that night Smith had hit Semenko in the face, opening a cut that required six stitches. Semenko had responded by blind-siding Smith with his gloved fist, knocking Smith's mask high into the air. In the bar, when Smith saw Semenko's stitches, he laughed and offered him his hand. Semenko refused to shake it. "What is it, bad attitude?" Smith asked Semenko's companion.

"I'm going to get even," Semenko said.

"O.K., just don't mess, 'cause I won't," Smith replied.

Says Smith now, "You couldn't get me in a fight in a bar if you poured a drink on me. Not that anyone's ever really tried. A lot of players think I'm crazy, so a lot of fans must think I'm crazy, too."

Even some of his teammates might



At 13, Billy was the center of attention when his team won the town title.

agree. Potvin never feels totally secure around Smith's net—in practice or in games. "I get whacked, too, sometimes," he says, "or his stick will come right by my nose when he swings to clear the puck. I'll go along with anybody who says he could tone that down." Assistant Coach Lorne Henning delicately says that "a lot of the forwards on the team really don't like that sort of thing." In nine years playing for the Islanders, Henning was only cut once by a goalie. Guess who? "Smitty tried to tap Phil Esposito as Esposito was coming by the net," recalls Henning. "He missed and got me for six stitches." No one is safe.

"A lot of the Islanders don't understand what he does," says Resch, "but they want him beside them in a pinch. It's the old theory: All goons are bad—except my goon. You can only blame Smitty to a point, and then the blame has to be switched to the Islanders' management and the league. The NHL hasn't disciplined him. Look at football; I see a guy was fined \$2,000 for spearing a quarterback. I see guys swinging their sticks in hockey, and not just Smitty, who don't get fined." Indeed, the NHL has never fined Smith a dime for wielding his stick, and the Islander management openly ad-

mires his combativeness.

So what should we think of him? First, he doesn't really care what outsiders think of him. Oh sure, everyone likes to be loved a little bit, but public opinion will never change this man. "That's me," says Smith unrepentantly. If you number among his close friends or his family, he cares deeply what you think of him. And he cares what Torrey thinks of him, seeing as Torrey determines Smith's salary; he is finishing the first season of a six-year deal that pays him about \$250,000 per annum including bonuses.

The money motivates Smith, and he doesn't pretend otherwise. So don't be surprised when, at the completion of the Islanders' last playoff game, win or lose, he refuses to line up with his teammates and

shake the hands of the opposing team. He never has, and he says he never will. Handshakes are for the bars. On the ice, he is all business. Hockey is his business.

"I would give my kids a damn good licking if they played tennis and wouldn't shake hands afterward," says Smith. "My words would be, 'Son, are you losing any money from playing tennis?' They'd say, 'No.' 'You're doing this for fun, right?' 'Yes.' 'When Daddy's on the ice, Daddy's doing it because he has to feed you and pay the bills. I don't want to do it; I have to do it. It's my livelihood. You do what you have to do to make money.'"

That is, more or less, Smith's philosophy. Resch is right; Smith is the epitome of pro sports. He is brutally honest in the way that professional sports are brutally honest when it comes time to cut a veteran. The lesson Smith teaches us is that the difference between the amateur and the professional is the same as the difference between the amateur fisherman and the fish. For one, the fish is sport; for the other, it is life. Smith knows the difference more clearly, perhaps, than we are prepared to hear. Or see. Pro sport is a world of blacks and whites ideally suited for his talents.



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First Person

by SAM MOSES

RACING SCHOOLS FOR DRIVERS TEACH HOW TO ENJOY LIFE IN THE FAST LANE

My mother once told me she would never try marijuana because she was afraid she might like it too much. I know how she feels. For 25 years I have been around motor racing, beginning as a 9-year-old when I traveled to places like Watkins Glen with my father. He raced a red Alfa Romeo and I idolized him for that. But I had always resisted getting behind the wheel of a race car for the same reason my mother avoided cannabis.

I always regarded myself as too practical to take up car racing. The sport demands so much time and money that it always seemed to me a dumb pursuit for anyone except a pro or a rich person. So I'm not quite sure why I stopped resisting the temptation to get behind the wheel, maybe the chance to do so caught me at a weak moment. Now, after completing the Jim Russell British School of Motor Racing at Riverside (Calif.) International Raceway, I feel it was fate.

I know the moment I got hooked: It was when I came out of Turn 3 full throttle and swung into 8A still full throttle and hit the apex perfectly and for an instant saw the right front wheel cocked in a drift, which carried the left front wheel within about six inches of the edge of the track and shot the car down the back straight. I can feel it now—I want more. My God, I thought, if only 110 horsepower can feel like . . . but it was time for fourth gear.

The car was a Formula Ford, similar to an Indy car but slightly smaller and with about one-sixth as much horsepower. The engines are four-cylinder 1,600-cc Fords, basically hopped-up Pinto power

plants. But with only 900 pounds to push, a Formula Ford accelerates faster than even the quickest sports car and can reach 130 mph. The handling is twitchy-quick. It's a real race car, making it the ideal choice for a racing school.

There are a number of such schools at North American circuits, most of which train their students in sports cars. Two other schools that use Formula Fords exclusively and have excellent reputations are the Skip Barber Racing School, based in Massachusetts, and John Powell Motorsport in Ontario, Canada. The three schools have similar curricula and cost \$750 to \$900 per three-day session. At the JR/BSMR course I attended, the theory of fast cornering was taught on the first morning; the afternoon was spent practicing braking and shifting. On Morning 2 the instructor guided the eight students—an average-size class—through Riverside's nine corners, and in the afternoon he linked the turns together and led the class around the track on the racing line. Then the students took two cautious 12-lap sessions on their own. On the final day there were seven such sessions, with 10 laps in each session timed. The instructor dictated rev limits according to each student's progress, increasing them as the student advanced. The effectiveness of the gradual approach and individual tutoring was proved by how far the students came in just three days. Hitherto timid drivers could flick through the Esses at paces they would never have dreamed possible.

Sometimes the hardest part of racing school is finding a use for the diploma. With the Formula Ford schools, there's a solution. The Skip Barber and JR/BSMR programs offer a series of race weekends in which graduates can compete against one another in Formula Fords provided and maintained by the schools. Graduates of John Powell can compete in regional races in the novice category. An average race week-

end costs \$650 to \$850; JR/BSMR also offers a program of 15 weekends (30 races) at Riverside and Laguna Seca in Monterey, Calif. for less than \$8,000—a whopping bargain by motor racing standards. It's a pleasantly unburdened way to go racing, because one has none of the hassles of car preparation and an implicit guarantee that the cars are equal. The competition is fierce and is considered a superb training ground by many pros, including the likes of Rick Mears and Mario Andretti.

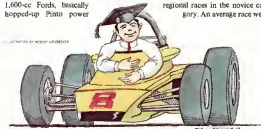
The instructor for my course, French-Canadian race driver Richard Spenard, was a winner of the JR/BSMR series in Canada in 1974, the year after he graduated from the course at the Mt. Tremblant circuit in Quebec. (He won a Formula Ford for the title; today the prize is a season's sponsorship.) Spenard is a superb instructor. He was pleased with the rain on the first two days because learning is speeded up on a wet track. And racing all but blindly into spray from the wheels of the car ahead is good experience, he said. But the third day dawned cool and clear, ideal for hot laps.

There were 84 of them, 227 miles in which to learn things such as "releasing the friction" (letting the car feed itself out of turn) and "racing the asphalt" (ignoring the other cars and concentrating on your own rhythm). And it became clear that concentration is the key to motor racing—it must be sustained without a single break for hours at a time, with each lapse a potential disaster.

It was a fast class; three of us—including me—broke two minutes, a lap time Spenard said few students attain. I had expected to be quick, but I hadn't imagined to be so at ease. My style at athletic pursuits has never been very relaxed, nor have I been able to rely solely on my natural ability. But strapped into my car, bending through the bumpy Esses at 110 mph, I was so relaxed I had to remind myself to grip the steering wheel.

During each session Spenard would move around the circuit to watch and afterward critique each student privately. As he finished speaking he would say, "O.K., hop in your cars" for the next session. Most of the time I was already in mine, strapped down tightly, helmet and gloves on, waiting, calm and eager, thinking about the upcoming laps and savoring the feeling. It was as comfortable and secure as being in my own bed.

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week April 19-25

Compiled by MIKE DELNAGRO

PRO BASKETBALL—All four favorites—Washington, Philadelphia, Phoenix and Seattle—triumphed in the NBA's best-of-three must-serve-and-advance to the conference semifinals. It was a defense that held New Jersey to 42.5% shooting. Washington made short work of the Nets 96-83 and 103-82. After Darryl Dawkins played the best game of his injury-plagued season, getting 27 points and nine rebounds in Philadelphia's 111-75 victory over Dennis Johnson scored only 14 points in Phoenix last game 1 to Denver (79-111) but then pumped in 29 and 26 in Games 2 and 3, respectively, as the Suns won 126-110 and 124-119. It was only the fourth time in 28 seasons that a Game 3 loser recovered to advance in the playoffs. Seattle struggled a bit, too, before eliminating Houston (page 12). As the series began on Sunday, the Horns beat Milwaukee 123-122 and Boston defeated the Bulls 109-81.

BOWLING—MIKE DELNAGRO beat Steve Cook 213-203 to win the PBA's \$200,000 Tournament of Champions in Akron.

FENCING—In the North American Cup series at Washington and New York, PETER WESTBROOK won the saber rifle. LEE SHELLEY the epee and GREG MASSALALA the foil. Among the women, JANA ANGELAKIS won the foil championship. All the winners are from the U.S.

GOLF—PATTY SHEEHAN took a 216-foot birdie putt on the fourth hole of a 36-hole invitational to beat Kathy Padgett in the \$150,000 Lady Classic at Orlando, Fla. The pair finished the regulation 54 holes with a 7-under-par 206.

HOCKEY—The Soviet Union beat Canada 6-0 to win its 18th world hockey championship in Helsinki.

NHL—The Vancouver Canucks, who had never won a playoff series before this year, made it two for two in 82. They won the first game to advance through the NHL's best-of-seven conference semifinals by eliminating Los Angeles in five games. Up two games to one as the work began, Vancouver beat the Kings 5-4 in Van. Brodeur scored a pair of goals and hit goaltender Richard Brodeur that downed L.A. when the game was on the line. "Brodeur's making the difference," said King tie Marc Chouinard. Brodeur continued to make the difference—not to men-

tion 30 years—in the 5-2 that that wrapped up the series. Chicago wiped out St. Louis in six games. Doug Savage had a hat trick in the Black Hawks won Game 4, 7-4, and then he scored the first goal in a series-clinching 2-0 victory. Meanwhile, the Islanders, who haven't lost a playoff series since 1978, took a 3-1 lead in games against the Rangers in a 3-1 triumph in which Billy Smith (page 70) made 25 saves. Then, after a 2-3 loss, they won the series in overtime on a goal by Peter McBain. But Sweden at Boston, where Pychler's third-period goal gave Quebec a 2-1 win.

HORSE RACING—LINKAGE (53-96), ridden by Bill Shoemaker, won the \$125,000 Blue Grass Stakes at Keeneland Race Course by 3½ lengths over Gato del Sol. The 3-year-old colt ran the 1¼ miles in 1:48.

MOTOR SPORTS—DIEHR PIRONI, averaging 3.6 seconds over 60 laps of a 3.1-mile circuit, drove a Ferrari to victory in the San Marino Grand Prix by 6.1 over Gilles Villeneuve also in a Ferrari. Only 12 cars finished the race, nine manufacturers having withdrawn in a dispute with the FISA over sudden rule changes regarding the minimum weight of cars.

SOCCER—Surprise Toronto raised its NASL record to 4-0 and swept past the Cosmos one final place in the Eastern Division by edging Sacramento 1-0 and Tampa Bay 2-1. The Blizzard, whose 7-25 record last year was the second-worst in the league, have eight new starters, including forward David Byrne, who headed the game-winning score in overtime at Tampa Bay. The Cosmos got two goals from Giorgio Chiellini in a 3-1 triumph over Chicago, which is surprising, too. The loss left the Sox, the 1981 Soccer Bowl champion, with an 0-3 record. At Fort Lauderdale, 11,938 fans braved a torrid warning and new inches of rain to watch the Southeastern Division-leading Sockers face Montreal. Their reward was a goal by Bob Bolcho in 34:34 and a 1-0 similar victory Jacksonville's Rondo Alonso took over the league lead in goal-scoring with a pair of goals and he hit seven (enough as the Roughriders won 3-2 on Lance Abraham's two goals and an assist. San Diego, which hadn't given up a goal in its final three wins, stretched its Western Division lead to 13

points by beating Seattle 4-3. Julie Veen (page 42) got the game-winner in a shootout. In another matter, second-place Vancouver beat Portland 2-1.

INDOOR SOCCER—On the final day of the MISL regular season, Denver clinched the league's eighth and final playoff spot with a 6-3 victory over Phoenix Forward. Pat Howley and Kirk Wardick came off the bench to score a goal each for the Avalanche, which this week is missing Western Division champion St. Louis in a best-of-three playoff quarterfinal. Despite a 6-5 loss to Wichita, St. Louis' goalkeeper Skabo Eriksen finished the season with a goals-against average of 3.85, an MISL record. Meanwhile, the Eastern Division champion New York Cosmos drew a 5-4 tie in their season finale, a 5-4 loss in overtime to Pittsburgh. That crowd helped lift the 1981-82 league attendance to 2.4 million, highest in the MISL's four-year history.

TENNIS—By default JIMMY CONNORS won a \$370,000 tournament at Las Vegas (page 26).

CHRIS EVERT LLOYD beat Andrej Panov 6-3, 6-1 in a \$250,000 tournament at Amelia Island, Fla.

MILEPOSTS—HIREO As basketball coach at Worcester, STEVE YODER, 42, who had a 77-62 record in five seasons at Ball State.

PLACED ON PROBATION By the NCAA, the University of Southern California football program, which violated a variety of rules from 1971 to 79. The Trojans will be ineligible for bowl games during the 1982-83 and 1983-84 seasons and are banned from television in '83 or '84.

SIGNED To a five-year contract, worth a reported \$2.5 million, by the Cleveland Browns, TOM COUSINS, who was drafted No. 1 in 1979 by Buffalo but elected to play in Canada. The Bills traded their rights to Cousin to Cleveland for several draft picks, including a No. 1 selection in 1983.

CREDITS

4—Frank White 22—Paul Derrville 23—Reggie C. Moore 24—Pat Burrell 25—Ronald C. Moore 26—Richard Mackinnon 27—Richard Mackinnon 28—Walter J. 29—Tommy Tomlin 30—Alan Petersen 31—Robert Mackinnon 32—Lance Stewart 33—Ronald C. Moore 34—Paul Derrville 35—Paul Derrville 36—Bruce Bennett 37—Joe D'Amico 38—Ronald C. Moore 39—Lance Stewart 40—Joe D'Amico 41—Ronald C. Moore

FACES IN THE CROWD



ANDY TURCOTTE
Clinton, N.Y.

Andy, 16, a center on the Squabbs in the Clayton Minor Hockey Association, scored a league-record 106 goals and 58 assists in 40 games. He also was voted Most Outstanding Player at a 26-team invitational tournament at Massena, N.Y.



ANTOINETTE JOUBERT
Detroit, Mo.

Antoinette, a 6'5" junior guard, averaged 33 points and 15 rebounds a game in leading Southeastern High to the state Class A basketball finals. In the championship game he had 35 points but Southwestern lost 79-60 to Flair Central.



MARK FARNHAM
Fairfax, Va.

Farnham, a 72-year-old shipper, completed a solo crossing of the Atlantic in his 28-foot Shannon cutter, Seven Belts. During the 58-day sail, he weathered two severe storms, during one of them he was tossed across the cabin and broke four ribs.



JIM HEFFERMAN
North Charleston, Ohio

Jim, a senior at St. Edward High in Lakewood, won the 145-pound Ohio high school wrestling title and led St. Edward to its fifth straight Class AAA state championship. In two seasons he has won 107 matches without a defeat.



JODY BERMAN
Memphis, Tenn.

Jody, a 5'5" junior at Heritage High, scored 263 points in 21 basketball games to lead the Patriots to the girls' state basketball title. In three years she averaged 22.3 points a game and shot 52% from the floor and 81% from the free line.



MEGAN CURRY
New Canaan, Conn.

Megan, 10, swam a 27 1/2-second anchor leg in the New Canaan girls' 30-and-under 200-yard free relay team won the state YMCA age-group title in record time (1:56.07). Katy Peterson, Sharon Galt and Brooke Grubbs shared the mark.

Edited by GAY FLOOD

GOON HOCKEY

Sir,

Once again you've accurately described the state of dreariness that professional hockey has fallen into (It Was a Sight for Gore Eyes, April 19). As a hockey purist and a television viewer of that Saturday night debate between Minnesota and Chicago, I could only shake my head at the disgusting performance. I always look forward to the NHL playoffs for some fast-skating and hard-hitting but clean hockey, as in the Islanders-North Stars final series last year. But by allowing the kind of play I saw Saturday night, the league has proved that it can stoop lower than I ever imagined it could.

I applaud SI for its continuing effort to save the NHL from itself, but until league President John Ziegler is replaced, I'm afraid nothing will change.

JOE GERDES
Minneapolis

Sir,

I'm glad somebody noticed the insanity of the Chicago-Minnesota hockey series. Until you took the principals to task, it seemed that this debacle would pass without criticism. I guess we're all too accustomed to that type of hockey.

When are NHL executives—John Ziegler, in particular—going to stop being so two-faced? They promote hockey as the fastest sport on earth and then let slower-skating teams, loaded with no-talents, bring superior-skating teams down to their level by clutching, grabbing and hocking. Yes, I'm a North Star fan and undoubtedly biased, but in my view Chicago would have played virtually every minute of the series with Minnesota short-handed if the referees had been allowed to call the game by the real rules, not Ziegler's. And hockey would have been much the better for it if they had.

DOUG BARTHOLOMEW
Minneapolis

Sir,

SI once again showed its love of hockey by attempting to pick it to pieces. The bottom line of any sport is winning. Why should a bigger and stronger Black Hawk team attempt to skate with a faster Minnesota team? The Black Hawks played physical hockey and won. It's the North Stars' fault for not being able to adjust to Chicago's style and beat the Black Hawks.

A perfect example comes to mind. Two years ago, while they were on their way to their first Cup, the Islanders faced the Big Bad Bruins in the quarterfinals. The Islanders were a skating team that had been known to

choke when ferociously forechecked. Right from the start, the Bruins threw bodies and started brawls, but in the end the only thing they had to show for it was their own early elimination and their own battered bodies. Great teams make the necessary adjustments.

E.M. Swift—and SI—should first learn about hockey. Once this is done, then, maybe, you can criticize it.

JOSEPH BOWE
Farmington, N.Y.

MAJOR OVERHAUL

Sir,

I read with interest Ron Fimrite's article *It's Time to Overhaul the Grand Old Game* (April 12). The most dire problem in baseball, however, is not, as Fimrite suggests, the imbalance of economic power, but the very existence of that power as an influence on the game. Baseball is complex, subtle and easy-paced. And therein lies its strength, not in the Players Association, not in greedy owners, and certainly not in an inevitable strike that prevented any semblance of a meaningful season in 1981.

Economic power, balanced or not, has no place in the game. Baseball fans were told time and again last year that baseball is a business. It is not! It is a sport. When owners expect to become wealthy at the expense of the ticket-buying baseball fan, then they cast a dark shadow on the future of the game. Likewise, if players expect enormous salaries for doing what kids have dreamed about doing for decades, then baseball as an American tradition will be a victim. Let's play ball, not economics.

WILLIAM R. WIBLE
Auburn, Ind.

Sir,

After saying "It's time to overhaul the Grand Old Game," Ron Fimrite never does say what the replacement have in mind.

Oakland's Haas family and some of the other new owners may have "vision," but what do they see? If all they want to do is encourage labor peace, great, but that hardly constitutes an overhaul of the game. My fear is that these owners have no respect for baseball or the fans, and that their vision includes a designated hitter for the National League, expanded playoffs and the World Series in neutral, warm-weather cities. I'll take the conservative faction led by the owners in St. Louis and Cincinnati, who prefer a game of skill and strategy in which the best teams are selected for postseason play on the basis of an entire season's performance.

TOM MANNING
New York City

HERO

Sir,

Never have I appreciated my subscription to *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* more than after reading William Nack's piece on Dodger First Baseman Steve Garvey (*As Always, a Man of Principle*, April 12). Kudos to the author and the subject.

It is a damning commentary on both sport and our society that an athlete of Garvey's caliber must undergo generally negative treatment in the media. It appears that the anti-hero syndrome has become pervasive. This glorifying of the inglorious and the berating of the worthy should be foreign to sport. Athletes were once encouraged to adopt the ideals that Garvey apparently has. Today vice seems to be more in vogue. Sadly, the title "hero" when applied to good men like Garvey has become trite—even notorious.

I'm fully confident Garvey has the ability to rebound from recent setbacks that were probably exacerbated by the media attention he received. My concern is for those envious teammates who so vocally yearn for similar attention. It will be interesting to see if they bear up under scrutiny as well as Garvey has. Perhaps then we'll be able to distinguish the heroes from the green-eyed monsters who wear Dodger blue.

MARK M. ESPOSITO
Prince George, Va.

Sir,

Steve Garvey is my kind of hero. He should be everybody's hero. Our society is in a serious state of moral decay when men such as John Belushi and John Lennon are idolized and a person like Garvey is ridiculed as being "too perfect."

M. E. MOLINA
Tucson

Sir,

After I read William Nack's article on Steve Garvey, I hated Garvey even more than I had before. I tend to agree with the comments of Ron Cey, Davey Lopes and Don Sutton. I think Garvey spends more time with his image than on his playing skills. I also don't feel it's fair that the Dodgers got rid of all the players who didn't get along with Garvey when they could have gotten rid of him and not had any more problems. But if Garvey forgets his image and plays the kind of baseball he can play, he'll get my vote when I make my choice for first base on the 1982 National League All-Star team.

MICHAEL O'CONNOR
Amherst, Mass.

Sir,

Steve Garvey certainly serves as an exam-

continued

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18TH HOLE continued

ple to us all—albeit a negative one. Compare his lack of self-awareness and dimension to the wonderful humanity of Willie Stargell, for example, who has "had a banquet and is now on the desert." Let's leave Garvey alone. His personal life is overexposed and ultimately none of our business, and his brand of baseball is boring.

JIM HOLLINGSWORTH
Newtown Square, Pa

MASTER

Sir:

Halfway through John Paparek's article on Craig Stadler (*Sloppy Man in a Clean Game*, April 19), I paused ceremoniously, loosened my belt and hoisted a beer in the direction of Stadler's home at Lake Tahoe. Before the Walrus won the Masters, I had always wondered what the covered green jacket would look like on me. I need wonder no longer.

MICHAEL HENRY
Oakbrook, Wis.

Sir:

What a relief it is having an ordinary mortal win the Masters. One tires of continually craning one's neck toward Mount Olympus. Golfers like me, rumpled, shivering with apprehension, à la Craig Stadler on the 18th hole at Augusta, think the Stad is bad.

CHET R. ALLEN
Columbus, Ohio

Sir:

Although I'm now a graduate student at Rutgers, I feel eminently qualified to comment on Craig Stadler because I caddied for him from 1979 to 1982. For all the slurs and slights heaped upon him, Craig continues to have a pleasant attitude about golf and life. He's the first person to enjoy a "belly" laugh when his temper tantrums are bandied about.

On a more serious note, I feel very fortunate to have worked for Stadler for 2½ years and I'm pleased to know the man behind the mustache. He's one of the kinded, most considerate individuals I've ever met.

JOSEPH M. BRENNAN
Somerset, N.J.

MORE WHEATIES

Sir:

I enjoyed every spoonful of Steve Wolf's article *Famous Flakes of America* (April 5). It brought back memories of my growing up in Minneapolis, where eating your Wheaties was as much a morning ritual as washing your face and brushing your teeth.

I fondly recall the Wheaties Knechtel Gang of the '30s, which Wolf didn't mention. Ten cents and a Wheaties boxtop were all you needed to be in the Saturday afternoon Knechtel Gang that occupied seats far down the leftfield line at Nicollet Park in the days when Joe Hauser was hitting all those home runs. A noisier group of kids you've never heard. We not only cheered Hauser but also Andy Cohen, Spencer Harris, Walter Tauscher, Ron Ryan, Buzz Arlett, Babe Gianzel and, in the late '30s, Ted Williams.

In the winter of 1949-50, having grown up a little, I worked at the Minneapolis Auditorium as the public address announcer for the Minneapolis Lakers. One night all of the nearly 10,000 seats were filled for General Mills Night. At halftime, I had the pleasure of introducing the Wheaties Quartet for what was probably its last live performance. There wasn't a dry eye in the crowd.

History, I hope, hasn't really forgotten their names, as your photo caption claimed. For the record, they were—from left to right in your picture—Bill Elhus, William Oppenrath, Ernest Johnson and Phillip C. Schmidt. In addition to singing the Wheaties jingle, this quartet had its own CBS radio network show in the '30s called *The Gold Medal Fast Freight Program*, in which these four men huffed and puffed and sang their way to national prominence.

About a year after that night at the Lakers' game, I was hired as a promotions executive working on the Wheaties brand at Knox Reeves. I remember one thing we did was mail to all the radio stations in America a Wheaties Welcomes Back Baseball package, which included a bottle of Coca-Cola, a bag of Fisher's salted-on-the-shell peanuts, a scorecard and a pencil. It was designed to get radio stations to promote Wheaties-sponsored programs, capitalizing on the brand's long association with baseball, and it produced marvelous results.

Premium offers, like the Jack Armstrong hike-o-meter, which Wolf mentioned, were still big in the early '50s. However, with Wheaties all but out of baseball by then and the heroics of Jack Armstrong virtually unknown to a new generation of postwar youngsters, the challenge for Knox Reeves was to develop a premium offer that could top the hike-o-meter and the fabulously successful Atomic Bomb ring that had worked so well for Cheenosis and Kix, the other two cold-cereal brands of General Mills.

The answer came in the form of miniature license plates replicating each state's, which could be obtained for a boxtop and a small amount of change. At first, Wheaties' loyalists scorned the idea as a last hurrah for an open-proud brand, but it took hold and became a mighty success. It showed that young Wheaties' eaters were still willing to be champions of a sort, munching through 48 boxes of the stuff to get a full set of license plates. Had General Mills wanted a few years, it would have been 50.

ROBERT N. WOLD
Chairman and President
Robert Wold Company, Inc.
Los Angeles

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